HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE QUEEN OF INDUSTRY, OR, THE NEW SOUTH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *No.* 115, *published January* 10, *contains as features of especial interest Part II. of a brilliant New-Year's story by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE; *a graphic description of the "Loss of the 'Royal George,'" one of the most terrible events in England's naval history, by* JAMES PAYN, *illustrated; the usual installment of the serial story, illustrated; and a most interesting ornithological article by* W. O. AYRES, M.D., *of Yale College, entitled "My Family of Orioles," with an illustration by* GIACOMELLI. *Jimmy Brown relates another of his comical adventures, illustrated by* FROST. *A full page is given to fine wood-engraving, drawn by* MRS. JESSIE SHEPHERD; *while the very little folks are entertained by bright sketches illustrating their beloved author "Mother Goose."*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	$1 50
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HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, per year	5 00

THE ADMINISTRATION AND ITS CRITICS.

THE attitude of a part of the Republican press toward the Administration, as we understand it, is neither hectoring nor impertinent. The Republican party has always contained a large and intelligent body of voters who do not seek office, but who hold certain principles which they look to an Administration to carry out in action. They do not support men and measures merely because they have the stamp of party regularity, and they absolutely decline the kind of discipline upon which mere politicians obstinately insist. To such politicians the class of voters of which we speak are naturally very inconvenient and troublesome. But those politicians must take the troublesome voters into the account, because in a large community they are usually able to decide an election. Recent experience upon this subject is very instructive. The large Republican vote in New York, for instance, which in 1879 was refused to some regular candidates did not represent disappointed office-seekers, as was often contemptuously alleged, but a sincere conviction that to approve certain men as representatives of certain party policies and methods was to imperil the general ascendency of the party which the recusants believed to be most desirable for the country.

The voters of whom we speak are naturally disposed as Republicans to support the Administration. They observe its acts not with hostility, but with the friendly hope of finding that its course is to be progressive and satisfactory. As Republicans they believe that such a course is essential to the continued prosperity of the party. From the press which speaks for them the President can ascertain the impression which the course of the Administration produces upon that part of the party with which he has not been closely allied. If he believes that press to be factious and querulous and fault-finding, and holds the opinions which it represents to be utterly unworthy of attention, he will disregard it accordingly. But if, as we have heretofore intimated, he believes that the troublesome voters are not a horde of soreheads and captious, impracticable critics, but Republicans who honestly hold certain views, and hold them very strongly and upon intelligent conviction, he will naturally be glad to listen to them, and to heed their suggestions, so far as they do not seem to him unreasonable.

To speak of the attitude of such Republicans as hectoring or menacing, is totally to misconceive the fact. Thus the Boston *Daily Advertiser* sees in our remark that a "Stalwart" administration would be reactionary, and that a reactionary administration would alienate the sympathy and support of a large class of Republicans, the evidence that we apparently suppose civil service reform to consist in appointing "Half-Breeds" to office! Of course no argument is possible with such a grotesquely misinterpreting spirit as that. "Half-Breeds" as such are certainly not "Reformers," but "Reformers" are not "Stalwarts." The *Advertiser* would hardly think it wise for the Administration to alienate both "Half-Breeds" and "Reformers," especially as the result of the Chicago Convention showed that together they constitute a majority of the party. For our part we shall assume that the President, however he may differ with the Republicans of whom we speak, does not doubt their friendly disposition, or their cordial desire to see his administration, by its honest, progressive, and sagacious policy, promote the national welfare, and thereby confirm the confidence of the country in the Republican party. Upon his part he will naturally desire to hear sincere and not factious criticism upon his course, and will not believe it to be hostile because it points out dangerous tendencies, and challenges questionable acts. A President is aided and strengthened by honest criticism, but he is weakened and befooled by mere sycophancy.

ADVICE WORTH HEEDING.

THE Message of Mayor GRACE, of New York, is an interesting and significant paper. Its statements and suggestions are not new, of course, but they are plainly and strongly presented, and they deserve general attention, for their significance is not limited to the city of which he is the chief magistrate. The Mayor of New York is the nominal head of a vast business corporation which holds about $243,000,000 of property, and which largely controls the value of other enormous properties. As the official head of this vast business, the Mayor is theoretically responsible; but actually he has so little power that he can not fairly be called to account for anything but the character and ability of the men whom he nominates as his assistants. He can not appoint them, however, and he can not remove them, so that his responsibility is but a name. The charter which ordains the conditions under which the vast business shall be transacted is the work of men who have no knowledge of the character and needs of the business, and their action is directed by a few adroit and generally venal persons, and influenced by partisan considerations.

The result of this situation is depicted in graphic terms by Mayor GRACE. His Message is an arraignment of many of the subordinate city agencies, such as the departments of Docks, of Parks, of the Police, for whose work he ought to be himself responsible. The officers of these departments, according to the Mayor, are incompetent, negligent, unfit. Indeed, he says, "many provisions of the charter could not have secured worse results if they had been enacted with the express design of putting a premium upon incompetency and wrong-doing, and making good government as difficult as it was within the power of the Legislature to make it." Some of the other departments are praised as efficient and admirable. Among these are the Comptroller's office, which by common consent was never better managed, the Charities and School Commissioners, the Fire and Health Departments, and the Croton Water Works. The Mayor traces the various evils and abuses to one root—the want of a single well-defined responsibility—and the remedy that he suggests is simple and obvious, and it is imperative if the experiment of municipal government is to be fairly tried. The Mayor proposes that ample powers of local self-government be given to the city, and that the Mayor be constituted in fact as in name the chief executive officer.

It is remarkable that in a popular government, the vital principle of which is confidence in the general public spirit and intelligence, there should be so general a distrust of individual honesty and capacity. This distrust destroys official responsibility, and the inevitable consequences are corruption and inefficiency. It is interesting also to observe that the Mayor's experience confirms that of Postmaster-General JAMES and other great administrative officers, that it is impossible to curtail extravagance so long as clerks and assistants are appointed for reasons wholly foreign to their duty or their fitness for it. He repeats the urgent assertion of scores of legislative reports and the dictate of common-sense, that it is impossible to keep down the city pay-rolls so long as it is the interest of parties to keep them up. He pleads strongly, therefore, for reform in the municipal civil service, as others plead for it in the national service. Unhappily the experience of last winter in the Legislature, when intelligent gentlemen, residents of the city of New York, prevented the passage of a simple and efficient street-cleaning bill because a knot of "bosses" feared that it would harm their patronage, forbids much enthusiasm of hope that the Mayor's recommendations will be heeded. Those recommendations, however, are to be judged by their own merits alone, and their reasonability is undeniable. The problem in popular government now seems to be how to get the intelligence and honesty which abound in the community represented in the law-making body.

THE "TIMES" AND THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

THE remarkable story told by the New York *Times* of the manner in which a group of speculators obtained possession and control of the Elevated Railroads in the city of New York recalls the days of TWEED and his Ring. In both cases the bench appears as a party to the conspiracy, and, in both, newspapers are involved. The story of the *Times* is as yet, of course, *ex parte*, but it is told with most impressive evidence. The *Times*, as in the former case of TWEED, has bravely performed a great public duty. No duty of a free and honest press is more imperative than that of exposing public wrongs upon a fair showing of probability. The case then stands, in every honorable mind, upon its own merits. There is a careful and deliberate accusation, which must be met directly and completely. Personal aspersion, imputation of corrupt motives, blackguardism of every kind, is not only futile, it is a practical confession of guilt. In reply to the accusation of the *Times*, nothing has appeared as we write (except a denial by the late Attorney-General) but volleys of abuse, which have simply deepened the public conviction of the essential accuracy of the story. In connection with the history of the TWEED exposure, there are certain important "lessons" in this recent publication.

There are two chief defenses of modern society against adroit and unscrupulous conspiracies: one is the courts of law; the other is the press. Vast and daring designs require the silence and servility of these guardians, or such designs are in danger. NAPOLEON'S strongest ally in holding Europe subject to his will was the Continental press. Four newspapers, he said, are more terrible than a thousand bayonets. TWEED, when he had thrown a chain over the bench, felt insecure because he had not muzzled the press. And despite the chained bench, the free press overthrew him. It is with the same instinct that other conspiracies and combinations aim at the control of the same powers. It is openly alleged that huge financial "operators" and rings have acquired possession, and have been quietly endeavoring to acquire further possession, of certain great newspapers for the purpose of promoting their private enterprises, not by legitimate but by illegitimate means; and the grave part of the recent revelation in the *Times* is the charge that a Judge of the Supreme Court and the late Attorney-General of the State betrayed their trusts by conniving at a conspiracy, and presumably for corrupt reasons. A newspaper is property to be bought and sold. Its publication is a business pursued, like other business, for profit. Its nature, however, involves a contract of good faith with the public, yet a contract which can be often violated without legal penalty. But public official trusts are not property, and to make them such, to buy and sell their authority, is a mortal offense against the commonwealth.

Now nothing less than this is really charged in the article of the *Times*. Misuse of the forms of law and collusion by a Judge and the late Attorney-General with a project of swindling are alleged to be shown *prima facie* by the facts published, and every reader can satisfy himself of the justice of the assumption. This is the most startling aspect of the whole affair. We become so used to superlatives and extravagance and unmeasured personal calumny during political campaigns that our perceptions are naturally somewhat dulled by them. But we are probably not yet so hardened that an allegation of collusion against the Chief Justice of the United States would not arouse the country. The same feeling should attend the publication of a similar charge against a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York. If it does not, it is because we have learned from experience that the charge is not necessarily preposterous. The two persons who are most vitally interested in demanding of the Legislature a prompt and unsparing investigation are the Judge and the late Attorney-General, and the latter gentleman is reported to have said that he desires nothing more earnestly than such an investigation. The Legislature should not delay ordering it. Meanwhile, so long as it is known that a journal of the character and power of the New York *Times* stands ready upon satisfactory evidence to expose to the country the plots and frauds of conspirators of every kind and degree, there will be at least one perpetual terror to evil-doers, and one great guarantee to the country that crime will be unmasked. The exposures of the TWEED conspiracy and of the Star Route frauds are public services which will always honorably distinguish the *Times*, and the revelation of this Elevated Railroad transaction shows that it is not weary of well-doing.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

THAT the visit of our French guests and the ceremonies at Yorktown indicated a sincere feeling of regard between the two countries was shown by the movement in France, which began in 1875, to provide for an imperishable monument of the French and American alliance in the form of a colossal statue to stand in the harbor of New York, and to symbolize Liberty enlightening the World. The enterprise was somewhat delayed by political troubles in France. But the whole sum for the statue, about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has now been secured. The statue has been happily designed and executed, and an interesting illustration in HARPER'S WEEKLY for December 3 shows the huge head of the work, and commemorates a striking event in its progress.

The statue is to be one hundred and fifty feet high, standing upon a pedestal of equal height, and a committee was appointed some time ago, while the whole project was yet fresh, to interest this country definitely in the work. It was justly thought that the monument, like the event which it commemorates, should be an allied work, and as France offers the statue, that the United States should supply the pedestal. The committee, of which Mr. EVARTS is chairman, is composed of gentlemen not exclusively from New York, for the enterprise addresses itself to the patriotic sentiment of the whole country. The committee has already procured from Congress a resolution authorizing the President to receive the statue, and to designate a fitting site for it in the harbor of New York. For this purpose Bedloe's Island has been selected, and nothing now remains but that the country shall

respond to the friendly generosity of France in a spirit as generously friendly.

The committee, therefore, invite a national subscription in sums of any amount. No sum will be too small and none too large for a patriotic offering. Not only individual citizens, but Chambers of Commerce, Boards of Trade, Exchanges, Mechanics' and Tradesmen's Associations, clubs and societies of every kind, are respectfully and urgently invited to subscribe. It is a noble work, which has been most auspiciously begun. The powers have now become two great republics. They assert triumphantly, each upon its own continent, the practicability and value of popular government. They hold aloft the torch of liberty to light the world onward. The first spark was kindled by their united efforts. Shall not the era of its full splendor be commemorated by a monument worthy of the greatness of the fact—a monument which, like the republican liberty that it signalizes, shall be the united and happy achievement of two great nations?

IN CAUCUS.

Two events were notable in the legislative caucuses at Albany. The Republican caucus declined to renominate Speaker SHARPE, and the Democratic caucus to nominate Mr. ERASTUS BROOKS. This last incident is another illustration of the singular fatality which pursues the Democratic party, and perpetually defeats its struggle to gain popular respect and confidence. Mr. BROOKS is a man of incorruptible character, of unusual ability and experience in public affairs, by far the most conspicuous representative of his party in the Legislature, three times nominated for Speaker when his party was in the minority, and peremptorily discarded when the party becomes a majority. It is not because of any party offense, for Mr. BROOKS is a strong partisan. But he is superior to jobs and bargains and corrupt intrigues. No man and no ring could hope to "make" anything from his Speakership, and his party in the Legislature has neglected the opportunity of commending itself to public favor by selecting its most eminent and unobjectionable representative for Speaker.

Mr. SHARPE was defeated in the Republican caucus by a majority of five for Mr. ALVORD, while all his associate officers of the last Legislature were renominated. This result was doubtless due to his conduct in the CONKLING-PLATT contest last summer. After unreasonably supporting the machine candidates, he unreasonably left them. From the selfish party view, he should have moved sooner, or not at all. Mr. SHARPE is the ablest of the circle of the late machine leaders in this State, and it is curious that he should not have learned the meaning of the legend, *Thorough*, which is carved upon the machine collar. His political career has now received a severe blow. But it was his own hand that dealt it.

As we go to press, the Legislature is not organized. The Democratic majority in the Senate is but two, and in the House it is only six. This situation has given Mr. JOHN KELLY his opportunity, and his followers are holding out for terms. Their profession is anti-monopoly. But however excellent a cause anti-monopoly may be, it is ludicrous to suppose that it is more than a convenient cry for Tammany Hall.

A YOUNG AMERICAN COMPOSER.

A GREAT musical honor has fallen where such honors have fallen before. The Board of Judges appointed by the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association—the German composer KARL REINECKE, of Leipsic, the French composer ST. SAENS, and THEODORE THOMAS—have just awarded the prize of $1000 for the best original composition for chorus and orchestra to WILLIAM GILCHRIST, of Philadelphia.

This will be very pleasant but not surprising news to the Mendelssohn Glee Club, of New York. For by that club Mr. GILCHRIST has been already triply crowned. The club offered three prizes for certain specified compositions, and Mr. GILCHRIST won all of them in a most honorable competition. Those who heard his works as sung by the club would not doubt that the competing songs must have been very remarkable to carry away the palm from GILCHRIST'S.

The Cincinnati award is a great honor, upon which the young composer is to be sincerely congratulated.

THE HARVARD "ANNEX."

DURING the second year of "the Annex" for young women at Harvard College the results have been very interesting. The instruction of the Annex is the same as in the college. There were forty-seven students, sixteen of whom were in their second year, some coming for single studies and special aid, but more intending to pursue a course of some years. Thirty-nine of the students were from Massachusetts, two each from Connecticut and New York, and one each from Vermont, Illinois, Minnesota, and South Carolina.

The largest number of pupils in a single study was twenty-one in Greek, in which all the courses were taken. The next larger number was seventeen in Latin; then twelve in history, eleven each in mathematics and German, and nine each in English and philosophy. There were thirty-one courses of instruction not called for by the ladies; and although some of these will be probably taken by some of the pupils before completing their courses, yet the conclusion of the report is that the results indicate an inclination of women seeking a higher education to pursue the traditional classical curriculum, and not scientific studies, and that the preparatory schools supply the instruction which is desired by women in French and Italian.

The pupils were prepared at private schools, high schools, and academies, ten coming from colleges or collegiate schools, and eighteen from private schools. They were all careful and eager students, some preparing themselves for teaching, and others with the purpose of general education. The managers of the Annex state that the success has been beyond their expectation. It has shown that there are women who desire the highest instruction, and who are capable of acquiring it. There is almost absolute freedom upon the part of the young women, which is entirely unabused, and the managers anticipate a gradual but steady increase of pupils. It is gratifying to observe, also, that thus far there has been a generous contribution to provide for the expenses of thoroughly prepared scholars who were unable wholly to defray their expenses.

RETIREMENT OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL JAMES.

MR. JAMES retires for the present from a public official career, and with an enviable reputation. His long service in the postal department, as head of the Post-office in New York and as Postmaster-General, has been the most distinguished in its annals. His conduct of the New York office was so efficient and admirable that it improved the service everywhere in the country, and plainly designated him as the most fitting head of the department. During a term of less than a year as Postmaster-General he has effected a net reduction of $1,439,163 in the Star and steamboat mail service, and the returns of receipts and expenditures for the last quarter at the department will probably show the service to be self-sustaining.

Besides these specific and unprecedented results, Mr. JAMES has reorganized and improved the methods and details of the service, not upon any arbitrary theories, but as experience has instructed him. He has positive political tastes and attachments, but he has not permitted politics to interfere with business. His career as an administrative officer is an illustration of the value of NAPOLEON'S maxim, the tools to him who can use them. The Postmaster-General has acted upon that principle, which, as applied to a great public department, is simply the transaction of the public business upon business principles.

Mr. JAMES has deserved well of the country. His retirement is a public loss; but his official career is an inspiring incentive to his successor, showing him what universal applause and good-will attend the administration of a great office which is superior to party and personal intrigue, and which aims only at the public advantage.

DR. J. W. DRAPER.

THE death of Dr. JOHN W. DRAPER is the loss of one of the most variously accomplished scholars and men of science in this country. He was born in England, but his career is identified with the United States, to whose historical, political, and scientific literature he has made important contributions. In science, indeed, Dr. DRAPER had made invaluable discoveries, and his scientific studies and interests were of peculiar value in his literary essays.

His *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* was a work with which many accomplished men would have been satisfied as the monument of a life of study. Its scope and research are not less than remarkable when the book is considered as only an episode in an active intellectual career. Dr. DRAPER'S powers of acquisition and rapid mental assimilation were extraordinary. In his *History of the Civil War in the United States*, the influence of natural conditions upon the development of character and the course of events is strikingly and amply illustrated, and his lectures upon the *Future Civil Policy of America* are full of curious and significant information. Dr. DRAPER'S life was that of a devoted scholar. He was of quiet and modest manner, and the extent and variety of his accomplishment were only gradually revealed in personal intercourse.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND THE STAR ROUTE FRAUDS.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL BREWSTER'S letter upon the Star Route frauds gives no sign of relaxation or retreat in the prosecution. It is a strong declaration of his determination to recover the utmost penny that is recoverable of any sums stolen from the Treasury. There can be no suspicion that the Attorney-General's letter is written for buncombe, and it secures for him at the outset of his official term the cordial confidence of all honest men.

GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

As we have always said that General FITZ-JOHN PORTER seemed to have been unjustly treated, we are glad to observe that General GRANT has reached the same conclusion. To a reporter of the *Times* he has stated that, after a careful and thorough investigation of all the testimony, and the Confederate orders and reports, "I think that General PORTER is entirely innocent of the charges made against him, and am thoroughly satisfied that in General POPE'S campaign he did his duty to the very best of his ability."

General GRANT also says, in the frankest and most manly manner: "For nineteen years I have believed that the finding of the court was a just one, and warranted by the facts. But now I see that I am in error; and the fact that for twelve years, when I was General of the Army and President of the United States, I had it in my power to do General PORTER justice, and did not, makes me feel under obligations to do all that I possibly can to remove the odium and disgrace from him now."

This unqualified expression, coupled with the remark that the first step to be taken by the government in reparation for the great wrong which has been done to a faithful soldier is to restore him his good name by an avowal of the wrong, will have great weight with the country. General GRANT'S opinion coincides with that of those who, without any partiality for General PORTER, have most carefully studied all the testimony. But General GRANT'S impressions have been hitherto so positively against General PORTER that this emphatic and honorable avowal of a complete change is a very agreeable fact to record.

PERSONAL.

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, who died on the 3d inst., at the age of seventy-six, had been for over fifty years a conspicuous figure in English fiction. He wrote a novel when only twenty which was so highly praised by Sir WALTER SCOTT that thenceforth he determined to make novel-writing the business of his life. His earliest and indeed his greatest successes were *Rookwood*, which dealt with the adventures of Dick Turpin, and *Jack Sheppard*, which was still more popular, and which in dramatic form has been one of the best drawing of the robber dramas.

—Governor ST. JOHN, of Kansas, has appointed Mrs. CORA M. DOWNS, of Wyandotte, a Regent of the State University, whereat the women of the West do greatly rejoice.

—Ex-Governor MCCORMICK has entered in a large way on coffee, having purchased 10,000 acres of land in the State of Colima, on the Pacific coast of Mexico. He has 40,000 trees in bearing now, and expects to plant 12,000 per year for four years to come. The State, by way of encouragement, remits for ten years all duty on the coffee, and all taxes on the land where it is grown.

—The late Colonel HENRY S. MCCOMB died the richest man in Delaware. His fortune is between six and eight millions of dollars. Before he became interested in the famous Crédit Mobilier, by means of which the Pacific Railway was built, he was a currier in Wilmington, and made many sequins by furnishing knapsacks to the government.

—It was one of the peculiarities of Madame PATTERSON BONAPARTE, of Baltimore, to keep every bonnet she ever had in her life. What a museum of helmets they would make if on exhibition, and how the Gainsborough wearers of to-day would flock to see American female history as illustrated by its bonnets!

—Mr. PHILIP BARTLETT, son of the American Secretary of the Chinese Legation, has been elected to the Douglas Scholarship of Yale College, where he graduated with high honors last June. This will give him $600 per annum for three years.

—Mr. WHISTLER, the American artist, whose talent and eccentricities have furnished much material for society gossip in London, was never in greater professional demand than now, notwithstanding RUSKIN'S sharp onslaught on him. Indeed, RUSKIN has rather helped him.

—LEOPOLD VON RANKE, the German historian, has just celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday. Forty years ago he was appointed Historiographer of Prussia, and in 1866 was ennobled. In this country he is perhaps best known by his *Popes of Rome: their Church and their State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*, though the work in which he displays the most laborious investigation and the greatest completeness of form is his *German History in the Times of the Reformation*, published in 1839–47. He has just published the third and fourth volumes of his *Universal History*, and is now in remarkable vigor and health.

—We doubt if any of the great nobles of England who have as many daughters as Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT make such princely marriage settlements on them as he does. At the recent marriage of his youngest daughter to Mr. SEWARD WEBB he presented to her the splendid house in which he now resides, in Fifth Avenue, and $250,000 in United States bonds. The diamonds and pearls, in necklaces and rings, presented by her brothers and sisters and Mrs. Commodore VANDERBILT, were fit for royalty.

—It is understood that Mr. JOHN BIGELOW is the author of the article on JEFFERSON in the new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

—The late JOSEPH A. YOUNG, of Utah, BRIGHAM'S most talented son, is described by a gentleman who had passed half his life in Utah as a man of noble presence and brilliant talents. "I have," said he, "heard him preach with an eloquence that drew tears from the eyes of his Mormon listeners. In the pulpit he was the embodiment of dignity, grace, and intellectual power. Then, after the audience had departed, I have known him to laugh and make sport of the deluded creatures who had been listening to him. To me he had made no secret of the fact that he was an infidel of the most pronounced type. He took me into the library once and pointed out the elegantly bound volumes of Hume, Voltaire, Paine, Volney, and other distinguished writers of that school. He believed in no existing religion. I reproached him for continuing such deception, and urged him to go forth into the world and win the noble name his abilities entitled him to. 'Pshaw!' he replied, with a smile, 'the human race love to be humbugged.'"

—Mr. LOWELL, the American Minister, according to the London *Spectator*, "generally contrives to beat his English friends in saying the happiest things at meetings where nothing is so desirable as to say what will diffuse a sense of pleasure over all who are present."

—Mr. J. R. GREENE'S new volume, *The Making of England*, just published in England, will soon be republished here by HARPER & BROTHERS.

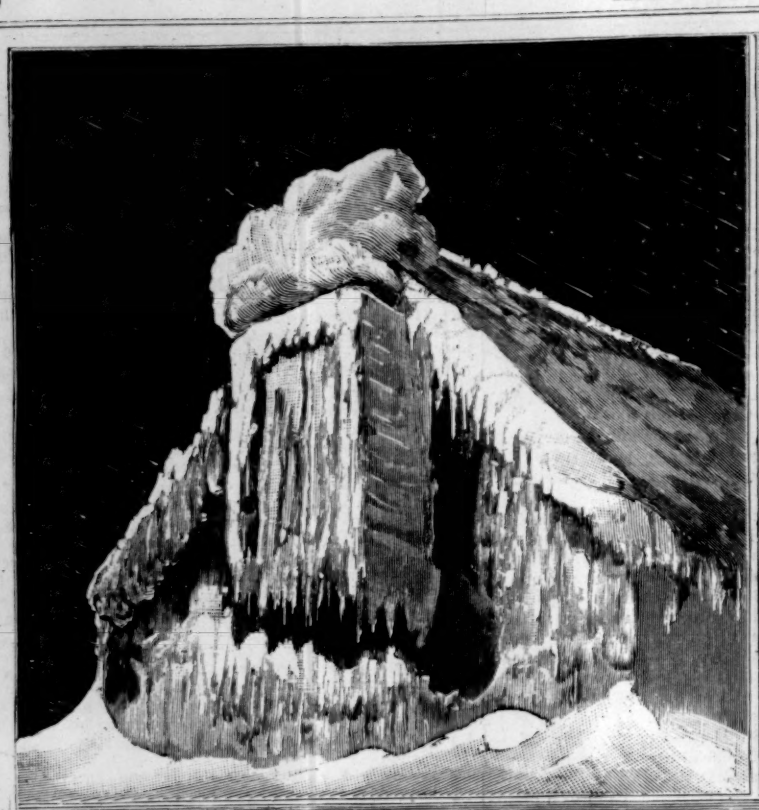
—A friend who called on the Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, in Bangor, just before his departure, describes him as opening his own front door to his visitors, and as being plainly, even shabbily, dressed—evidently in the same clothes in which he had worked in his garden all day. The boots of a dandy clerk in a government office would cost as much as the entire outfit which the American Minister to Spain wore that evening.

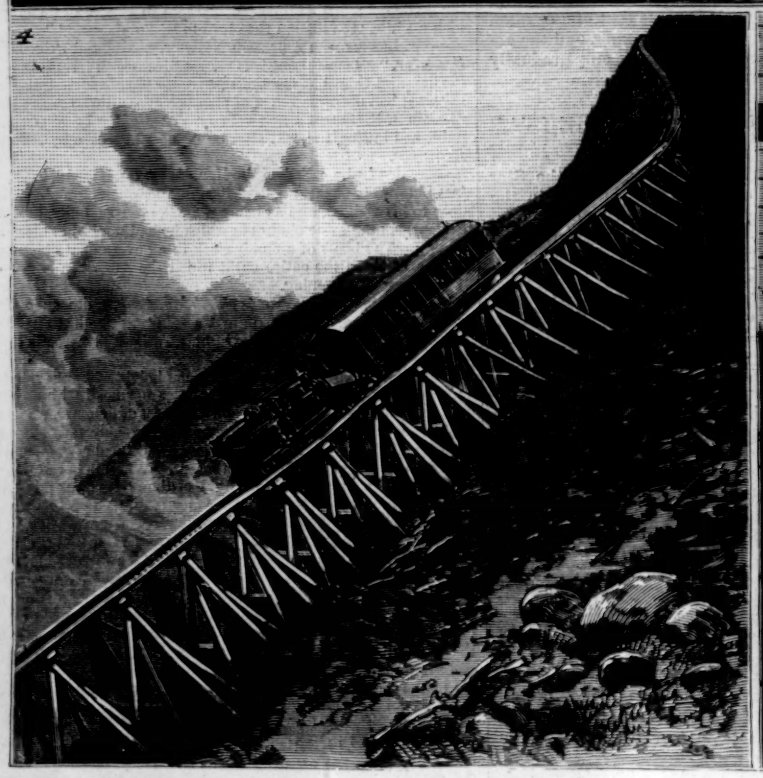
—The Princess BEATRICE'S *Birthday Book*, quite an ordinary work of its kind, has had so great a sale that she has already received from it $15,000 as copyright. To be a princess is a good thing.

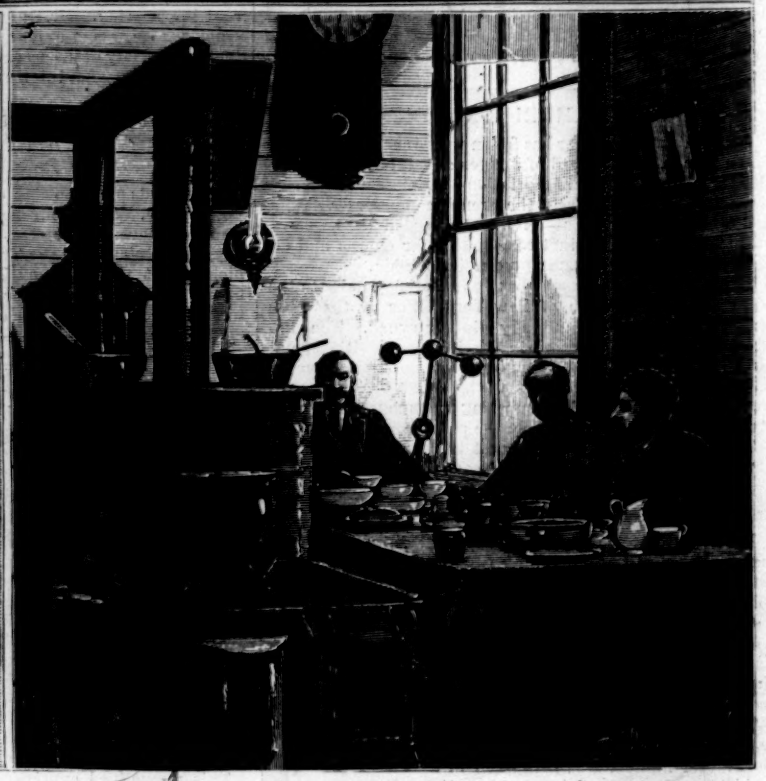
—ROSA BONHEUR is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly built, and carries her head with an air of freedom, and when a younger woman almost of defiance. The carnation has not yet left her cheek, and her comely face speaks of health and vigor. Her hair, however, is fast turning gray, and she still wears it cut and parted like a man's. When in her studio and at home her attire also follows that of the sterner sex; but, as a clever contemporary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to the whole figure—small regular features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignified benignity of expression. The manner matches the face. She has a low pleasant voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most agreeably free from the artifices of compliment." When she goes to Paris she dresses in the uniform of her own sex; but she never assumes petticoats without deprecating the custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of the limbs, and thereby impeding the power of locomotion.

—Gambling as an active industry at Monaco must pay the owners of the "lay-outs," else Prince ROLAND BONAPARTE could hardly have sold his interests in the great establishment there for so large a sum as $4,471,200, which he received a few days ago.

—Mr. WINANS, of Baltimore, is the American who leads all others in Europe in the expenses of living. He pays $50,000 a year for the privilege of shooting deer in certain forests in Scotland, and in London lives in a palatial abode on Carlton House Terrace. His neighbor there is Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, of BARING BROTHERS, who also lives very handsomely, and exercises a splendid and most refined hospitality. Mr. STURGIS has, besides, a charming retreat a few miles from London. Sir CURTIS LAMPSON, the only American citizen who has received hereditary honors from the British crown, has a fine house in Eaton Square, where for years Mr. PEABODY lived with him. He also owns a delightful country-seat near Brighton, and has a forest—for he is devoted to deer-stalking—in Scotland. It is curious to note how much more Anglicized the American long resident in London becomes than does his British brother settled here become Americanized. Those children, for instance, of Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS and Sir CURTIS LAMPSON who have been bred in England look upon it as entirely their home. The sons have been sent to schools and colleges there, and there formed their life friendships. The daughters marry Englishmen. Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS'S daughter married the eldest son of the late Sir HAMILTON SEYMOUR; Miss LAMPSON is the wife of Mr. LOCKER, well known for his *vers de société*, whose mother was Lady AUGUSTA STANLEY'S sister.







1. Exterior of the Meteorological Station on the Summit of Mount Washington in Winter. 2. Exterior of the Meteorological Station in Summer. 3. General View of the White Mountains, including Mount Washington. 4. Railway to the Summit of Mount Washington. 5. Interior of the Meteorological Station.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

On the summit of Mount Washington, 6286 feet above the level of the sea, stands the United States Signal Service Station depicted on this page. During the summer months the position is a very pleasant one. Parties of tourists constantly visit the station, bringing news from the world below; the temperature is pleasant, and the duties are not exacting. But in winter all this is changed. The mountain is deserted by everybody except the inmates of the station. An arctic solitude reigns over the whole region; and the men are cut off from contact with their fellows as effectually as if they were frozen up in a ship in the polar seas. Terrific storms beat against their wooden walls, and it is often impossible to keep the temperature above freezing-point within-doors. Water has been known to freeze solid in the station within three feet of a red-hot stove.

On one occasion, as we are told in DRAKE'S *Heart of the White Mountains*, the wind rose to such a fury that the inmates of the station, expecting every moment that the building would be blown over, wrapped themselves in blankets and quilts, binding them tightly on with ropes, to which were attached bars of iron, so that, as one of the men said in relating the story, "if the house went by the board, we might stand a chance—a slim one—of anchoring somewhere, somehow." But had the house gone, they would probably have been lifted from their feet like bags of wool, "dashed against the rocks, and smashed like egg-shells," as one of the men coolly remarked to his visitor.

During the winter all the provisions freeze solid. "You should see us then," said one of the inmates to Mr. DRAKE, who was enjoying a summer lunch at the station, "chopping our frozen meat with a hatchet, and our lard with a chisel." But this is nothing compared with the dreariness and solitude of the long winter months. Storms are welcomed as a relief from the monstrous routine of taking observations and noting them down; and when spring comes to liberate the station inmates, they feel as if they had been set free from the dungeons of some terrible Bastile.

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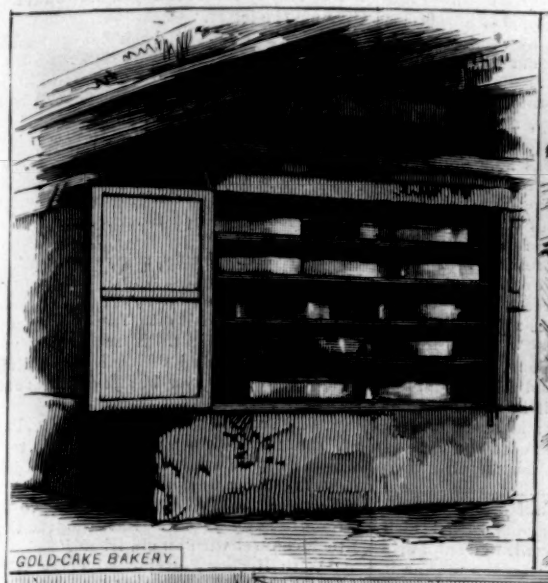
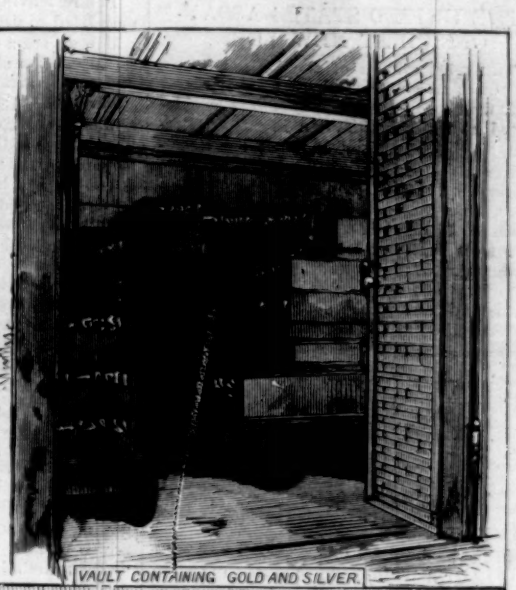
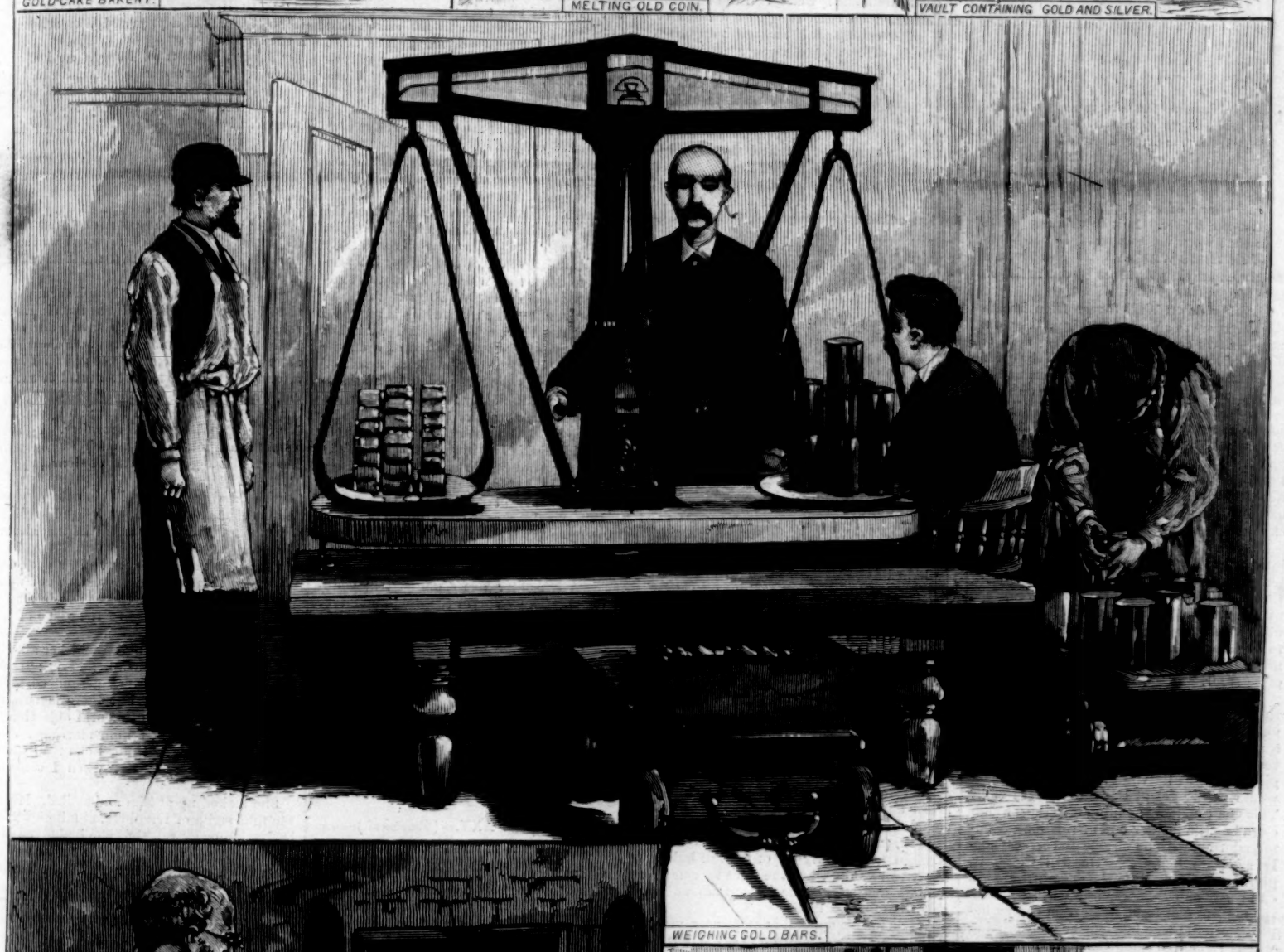


GOLD-CAKE BAKERY.

MELTING OLD COIN.



VAULT CONTAINING GOLD AND SILVER.



WEIGHING GOLD BARS.

ASSAYING GOLD AND SILVER.

BOILING ROOM.

THE UNITED STATES ASSAY-OFFICE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 22.]

THE UNITED STATES ASSAY-OFFICE AT NEW YORK.

THE mint system of the United States embraces five mints, where coin is made, and five assay-offices. The mints are located at Philadelphia, San Francisco, Carson, New Orleans, and Denver; the assay-offices at New York, Charlotte, Helena, Boise City, and St. Louis. The last, however, is not yet in operation. Of these, the Philadelphia and San Francisco mints and the New York Assay-office do by far the larger part of the work required, as will be seen by the following table, showing the value of deposits and purchases of gold and silver bullion at the several establishments during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1881:

	Gold.	Silver.
Philadelphia.....	$63,208,902 10	$1,442,540 81
San Francisco...	25,846,898 04	13,112,164 67
Carson.....	517,571 62	200,805 03
Denver	235,137 15	3,805 77
New Orleans	108,033 08	6,331,619 33
New York	99,635,644 46	5,285,715 57
Boise City	163,469 80	2,828 50
Helena.....	568,525 13	84,314 97
Charlotte	86,919 59	676 80

Thus, out of a total of $226,225,522 46 gold and silver deposited and operated upon, all but $8,693,656 81 was received at the three offices named. Of the three, the largest amount, $104,921,360 03, was deposited at the New York Assay-office; and when it is stated that of the seventy millions deposited at the Philadelphia Mint more than sixty-one and a half millions were redeposits received for coinage from the New York office, it will be seen that the deposits at the latter institution exceeded those at any other—the San Francisco Mint ranking second—by the enormous sum of nearly $63,000,000 during the last fiscal year. It is to this important office that we want to introduce the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY in this article, and the accompanying sketches by our artist on page 25.

Walking down Wall Street from Broadway, we come to an unpretending, dingy old building two stories high, standing next to the massive Greek temple in which the chief financial operations of the government are carried on. Surveying it from the outside, one would hardly suspect this to be the principal assay-office of the United States, or that within its modest walls, black with age and dirt, safely repose at the present time some $50,000,000 of the precious metals. Nevertheless, the sign over the door assures us that such is the fact. Let us enter and explore.

Passing through the vestibule, we come into a large apartment, which we are informed is the "Weigh-Room." It is here that the deposits of bullion are received, and paid for when their value has been ascertained. And here, perhaps, is the best place to explain, for the benefit of those who may not happen to know, just what the Assay-office is for.

Let us suppose that you have a quantity of gold or silver bullion—say a fair nugget of gold sent you as a Christmas present by a mining friend. You might sell it to a bullion dealer, who would guess—and guess low—at its value; but of course you would rather get at the exact worth of it. This you can do by handing it to the "weigh clerk" at the farther end of this long counter, adorned with handsome and scrupulously accurate balances. He will weigh it, giving you a receipt for the amount, expressed in troy ounces. Then he will send it to the melting-pot to be freed from earthy impurities, and made homogeneous by stirring when in a molten condition. After melting, it will be run into a bar, reweighed, and two small bits clipped from opposite ends by a powerful cutting machine. These bits, called "assay pieces," will go to the assayer, who by a series of delicate operations will ascertain the proportion of gold and silver (if there be any) in the deposit. From his report the value of the whole will be calculated and paid you in gold coin, or, if you prefer, in a "fine" bar nearly pure (say 998 parts of gold in 1000), or a "standard" bar (900 parts in 1000), stamped with its fineness, weight, and value, and good as "coin of the realm" for commercial purposes. Any silver contained in the deposit will be paid for in standard silver dollars. From the gross value certain charges will be deducted in making the calculations to cover the actual cost of the operation. Your precious nugget will then be passed over to the melter and refiner, who will manufacture it, with other deposits, into fine bars for payment to depositors or for transmission to the Philadelphia mint to be coined. This, in brief, is substantially the history of every deposit, whether it be in the form of coin, amalgam, nuggets, jewelry, or what not. The object of the Assay-office, then, is to take the people's bullion, ascertain its exact value, refine it, and return its equivalent to the owner in the form of coin or stamped bars. Now let us take a more particular view of the operations.

Before leaving the Weigh-Room we are permitted to peep into the Cashier's Vault, where we see a collection of boxes containing altogether about $2,000,000 in gold bars, and, neatly arranged on shelves, $125,000 in silver bars—a sort of argentiferous library, and mighty agreeable reading. Then passing (by favor) through a door labelled with a peremptory "No Admittance," we find ourselves in a large, grimy apartment, called the "Deposit Melting-Room," where the first melting takes place. Toward the rear end are several furnaces of the sort depicted in one of our artist's sketches. Piles of bars are near the furnaces, some waiting to be dropped into the sevenfold-heated crucibles; others just rescued from the fiery ordeal, and still glowing with the terrific heat. But what is this? A box of elegant new sovereigns, stamped with the image and superscription of her virtuous Majesty of Great Britain and Ireland. Surely those are not going to be melted up? Yes, indeed. With ruthless shovel the operator scoops up the handsome coins, and dumps them, in all their shining beauty, into the gaping crucible. All the labor and cost of minting them thrown away in a minute! "What vandalism!" we cry. But such vandalism must be until the joint wisdom of the great commercial nations recognizes the folly of it, and devises a reasonable system of international coinage. More than $54,000,000 in value of foreign coins (besides $37,000,000 in foreign bullion) were melted up in this room during the last fiscal year; nearly $40,000,000 worth (besides $21,000,000 in foreign bars) were melted the previous year; and for the last six months, $16,315,000 in coin and $5,390,000 in bars—a grand total of $173,705,000 in two years and a half. The foreign coins have comprised, besides English sovereigns, French twenty-franc pieces, German twenty-marks, Dutch ten-guilders, rubles from Russia, pesetas from Spain, pesos from South America, old Spanish doubloons from Cuba, dollars from Mexico, and yens from Japan. All have shared the same fiery doom, only to come forth at last metamorphosed into plump and greed-provoking bars or lovely yellow eagles (or their multiples) from Uncle Sam's coin manufactory.

In another part of the room an interesting scene is just now enacting. With the current year the Superintendent, Mr. ACTON, goes to the Sub-Treasury, after twelve years' service, and Dr. PIERRE C. VAN WYCK takes his place. Naturally, the new incumbent wants to know just how much bullion he is going to be responsible for, and his representative is "taking account of stock," with the help of the weigh clerk and other employés. It is a long and tedious operation. About $40,000,000 in gold bars are stored in the capacious vault whose massive walls and doors are before us. This immense treasure must be counted, and the work is performed by weighing it. On one side of yonder mighty balance are placed carefully tested brass weights to the amount of about 4000 ounces troy. On the other side are piled gold bars of an average weight of 240 ounces, and worth about $4900 each. Small weights are added or removed till the two sides exactly balance, and the weight is noted down. It takes four or five days to complete the counting. On the 1st of last July this vault contained the neat little sum of $80,000,000, nearly all of foreign bullion, ready to be shipped to the mint for coinage. All but $2,000,000 of the present amount are also from foreign lands.

While in this opulent apartment, a young man comes down from the Assay Laboratory on the second floor with a small wooden tray. He is after the "assay pieces," which are cut and arranged in order on the tray, each pair with its appropriate number, and carried to the laboratory. Let us follow, and see what will be done with them.

The first thing to be done is to ascertain the proportion of gold and silver contained in the deposit. Small portions of the assay pieces are weighed by experts on the most delicate balances that skill can make—so delicate that the smallest of "small dust" must be brushed away, and the slightest breath of air excluded by glass cases, before the weighing is done. About two parts of silver are added to the gold, which is then wrapped in a small square of lead foil, placed in a tiny crucible of calcined bone called a "cupel," and introduced into a "muffle furnace," whose glowing interior reminds one of NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S famous oven. The lead soon melts, and sinks into the porous crucible, carrying with it whatever base metals are present. This leaves a little button of gold and silver, almost absolutely pure. A second weighing shows the proportion of base metals—copper, etc.—in the deposit. To get at the proportion of gold, the button is rolled into a thin strip, made into a little scroll called a "cornet," and boiled in nitric acid. The acid eats out the silver, and there remains a little roll of pure gold. Weighed again, the proportion of gold and silver is revealed, and from this result may be calculated the value of the deposit, be it $100 or $100,000.

Silver assays are made by what is called the "humid" process, but our limited space forbids a description of it.

From the Assay Laboratory we betake ourselves to the Refinery, a many-storied building in the rear of the one we have been exploring. The operations here are all on a large scale. Many furnaces similar to that in the Deposit Melting-Room line the room, and great quantities of gold and silver in various stages of refining lie around in apparently careless profusion. Apparently careless only, however, for at every step the metal is weighed by responsible officials, and every grain is rigidly accounted for.

The operations of this department are too numerous and complicated for detailed description here. Suffice it to say that gold bullion containing silver and base metals is first melted with about twice the quantity of silver, and the molten metal is then thrown into cold water, falling to the bottom in thin bits called "granulations." These are placed in huge iron pots with leaden covers, and boiled in concentrated sulphuric acid. Part of the acid "breaks up," as it is called, giving oxygen to the silver, and evolves copious fumes of sulphurous acid, which are carefully condensed in large leaden chambers. The rest of the acid combines with the oxidized silver to form a sulphate of silver, which is then transferred to lead-lined vats, in which are also placed plates of metallic copper. By the aid of steam heat a vigorous chemical action is produced, wherein the copper removes the acid from the silver, which is precipitated in metallic form, while the copper is converted into the sulphate of that metal, commonly known as "blue vitriol." When the silver is fully precipitated, the sulphate of copper is transferred to large vats, where it slowly crystallizes into the commercial sulphate of copper. The recovered silver meanwhile is removed to strainers, thoroughly washed with hot water, squeezed into the shape of a cheese in a powerful press to remove as much of the moisture as possible, dried in a steam-heated oven, and finally melted into bars of nearly pure fine metal. The gold contained in the granulations, not being soluble in sulphuric acid, is left in the iron pots in the form of a yellowish-brown powder. Like the silver, it is washed, pressed, dried, melted, and run into bars. This process, called "parting"—*i. e.*, separating the silver from the gold—leaves the gold nearly pure, and ready for commercial use or for transmission to the mint for coinage.

The Assay-office was organized in October, 1854. The value of the gold and silver operated upon up to October 1, 1881, was the enormous sum of $598,984,668.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "FROM EXILE," "UNDER ONE ROOF," "WALTER'S WORD," "WON—NOT WOOED," "WHAT HE COST HER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—(*Continued.*)

A BOLD STEP.

CLARE read the letter over to herself with great attention; her tears had ceased, though one or two had fallen when she came upon the tender reference to herself.

Then she rose up and kissed her lover.

"I have done you wrong, Percy."

"Nay, dear Clare, say rather you have done yourself wrong in entertaining a suspicion unworthy of your generous nature. I am sorry it was necessary to show you that letter."

"So am I," she answered, frankly; "yet it makes me happy to have seen it. It shows me that at one time, at all events, dear papa had quite relinquished his opposition."

"At one time, yes; and, observe, he guards himself against any possible recurrence of his prejudice against me; perhaps it did not recur."

She moved her head in grave assent.

"There, you see, he absolutely foresaw what might happen to him through weakness of mind."

Clare did not answer this; she was recalling her last interview with her father, on the day of his death, when, although in a state of extreme physical prostration, his mind had certainly shown no sign of weakness. "You will be unhappy with that man," he had said, when all his arguments had failed to move her.

"It is very, very strange," mused Clare.

"That is what you said when you mistrusted my word before I had brought you the proof of my veracity. You do not doubt me now, Clare?"

"No," she answered, slowly, "I do not doubt you now."

"Well, that is something. But it will not be easy to forget that you did doubt me. Give me the letter."

"Why?" She put back his extended hand, and clasped the letter close.

"Because it is hateful to me. Not in itself, of course, but because whenever I look upon it it reminds me of a humiliation."

"Then you mean to destroy it?"

"I do; it is my own letter, though I have permitted you to read it."

"Quite true. You can do as you like with it to-morrow, but you must let me keep it to-day, Percy."

"Very good. I must ask you to remember, however, that it is a private communication. I have forgiven your doubt of me, but I can not permit others to become cognizant of that insult. It seems that you have already hinted of your incredulity; that was not fair, nor kind, nor like yourself, Clare."

"If I have hinted of any incredulity, Percy," she answered, firmly, "I did you a wrong which must be remedied. You spoke just now of 'evil counsels' and 'detractors.' You have none such here; you yourself do me wrong in supposing it. But it is true that I took counsel with an old friend."

"With Herbert," exclaimed Percy, vehemently. "He is a prig, and, like all prigs, a backbiter."

"That is not true, Percy," said Clare, gravely. "You are also mistaken in your suspicions. I never spoke to my cousin on this matter. I spoke of it, however, to Miss Darrell."

"A born mischief-maker."

"No, Percy. You misjudge Miss Darrell," she answered. "Moreover, so far from being your detractor, as it happens, she took your side. It was I who expressed my doubts of your word, and she who combated them. In justice to her, as well as you, I will show her this letter, which proves me to have been in the wrong."

"Very good, my dear; though for my own part I have no wish to have my character rehabilitated in any eyes save your own. You must promise me, moreover," he added, after a brief pause, "for the reason I have already given, that the letter shall be shown to no one else."

"You may depend on that; and you shall have it again to-morrow morning. I do not wonder at you setting such store by it, Percy. How good it was of dear papa to write it!"

"Yes, and so like him! it is not every one who is so careful to acknowledge himself in the wrong, or even to admit he has altered his opinion."

Clare answered nothing. Her eyes, full of tender tears, were once more fixed upon the letter. It seemed to her as she read it that she was listening to the voice of the dead man.

"It must be clear to you whither all this tends, my darling," continued Percy: "there can now be no sort of reason—indeed, there never was a reason; but there is now no ground for even a sentimental objection to your naming the day for our marriage. Just now I will not press it, for I can read where your thoughts are; but when I come to morrow—"

She looked up at him and smiled. It was the first smile of true love, unmingled with hesitation or regret, that she had given him since her father's death. He folded her in his arms and kissed her, and she returned his kiss.

On the same afternoon, in an upper room fitted up as a laboratory at Coalborough Junction, a young man, who had taken but half the dinner hour for his mid-day meal, was employing the other half in extricating carbonic acid from caustic soda, when a telegram was brought to him by a porter: "To Herbert Newton, Coalborough, from Miss Darrell, Stokeville. Come at once, but do not say you were sent for."

CHAPTER XXVI.

SENTENCED.

THE snow had fallen lightly about Stokeville for many days of frost, and though the town itself was, of course, as black as ever, its environs looked like a landscape out of the Black and White Exhibition, while the neighborhood of Oak Lodge, which had not more than half a dozen tall chimneys within a mile of it, resembled a table-cloth, though it must be confessed one in an economical household, and upon a Saturday night. The gravel-sweep of the house in particular was nearly spotless, and "threw up" quite artistically the red breasts of the robins that congregated there as usual for Clare's appearance after luncheon with her crumbs. After she had fed them, and retired up stairs to her boudoir, which, as we remember, looked in the other direction toward the garden, Miss Darrell hopped out like a robin of another color, and with a quick, bird-like glance to left and right, to

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make sure she was unobserved, betook herself into the little shrubbery that intervened between the road and the carriage drive.

The path was dry and sheltered, and what was more natural than that the active little lady should take a few turns there up and down by herself? Her object, however, could hardly be a mere "constitutional," to judge by the eager way in which she listened to every hoof and footstep on the iron road without, and when they came nearer stood on her toes, and grazed the tip of her nose against the wall in futile efforts to look over it. Presently a vehicle stopped some fifty yards short of the gate, where, as she knew, there was nothing but a mile-stone to attract the passenger, and, "regardless of grammar," the ex-school-mistress exclaimed, "That's him!"

She understood at once that Herbert had stopped short of his destination for the same reason which had induced her to anticipate his arrival.

"Upon my word," she cried, as she ran out to meet him, "I feel like one of my own naughty girls—when I had girls—doing something on the sly. It's quite a comfort to find a respectable young man like you descending to the same arts."

"Well, really," expostulated Herbert, "since your telegram said, 'Don't say that you were sent for,' I naturally took every precaution, and in case you might want to see me—"

"Quite right, quite right; not a word of apology," interrupted the old lady. "It is very important that I should have a few words with you in private, and I'm here to do it. Give me your arm—you needn't be afraid of my asking for your hand—and take a turn with me. Herbert Newton, it's a crisis."

"With Clare?"

"Of course with Clare. If it had been anything to do with Gerald, I should have said a catastrophe. It is my opinion she is going to marry Mr. Fibbert immediately."

"Good heavens! I mean that was nothing more than was to be expected. It was never anything else but a question of time."

"Perhaps of money too," suggested the old lady, tentatively.

"No. To do Percy justice, money had nothing to do with it."

"You think, then, he really loves her?"

"He would marry her whether she were rich or poor," answered the other, evasively.

"Ay, at all hazards. That is just the point. You know how she delayed and hesitated on account of her father's objections to the match. Well, they have been removed in a very singular manner."

"Removed? You mean weakened; that must have happened sooner or later."

"I mean what I say—removed. Some time before his death it seems Mr. Lyster had a private interview with Percy, in which, as he tells Clare, her father withdrew his opposition to the match."

"That is not true."

"My dear young man, how can you possibly tell that?"

"I *can* tell it. I am sure of it. I knew my uncle so well. We often talked upon this subject, though not, to be sure, very lately; but I am quite confident that up to the very last he maintained his old opinion of Percy. His fears for Clare's future happiness never left him, though his anxiety for her on another account was still greater."

"Then you think Percy invented the conversation in question?"

"I am convinced that it never took place so far as Mr. Lyster's being reconciled to the idea of the marriage was concerned. He never was reconciled to it. Clare knows it."

"She thought she knew it; but Percy has persuaded her to the contrary, not by his assertions, which, truth to say, she did not credit, but by the corroboration of the statement in Mr. Lyster's own hand. He wrote Percy a letter to the same effect as he had spoken with him, and adding to his consent his blessing."

"Impossible!"

"I have read the letter with my own eyes."

"Show it me."

"I can not do that. Percy made her promise to show it to no one but myself."

"Ah!"

"You think he had some reason for that. Well, you shall hear what Mr. Lyster wrote;" and she drew from her pocket a paper.

"If Clare said it was not to be read, I can not read it," said Herbert, gravely.

"She did not say that. On the contrary, she said she wished everybody to know the contents of it, only it was not to be shown. This is a copy of it I made myself from memory."

"What, word for word?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose it is only mathematicians who can remember things?"

As they walked along the raised footpath the school-mistress read him the letter with sharp distinctness—every word was carried by the keen frosty air into the other's ear. "Well," she said, when she had done, and after a long pause, "what do you think of it?"

"I don't know what to think. Give me time."

"There is not much time to spare, and in these matters things strike one at once or not at all. Of course it is a most serious matter. I hardly dare, even to you, to suggest the possibility of what is nevertheless in both our minds. Percy said to Clare 'how like' it was of her father so to write. Is that your opinion?"

"If he had written at all, he would probably have written like that. But it was not like him to write at all."

"That is what, I think, struck Clare. It struck me, too, that it was strange Percy should have made such an observation. If the letter was Mr. Lyster's, why should Percy say it was like him?"

"I don't see much in that," said Herbert, thoughtfully.

"Of course it is unfortunate I can not show you the original. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Lyster's handwriting to identify it with any certainty."

"Clare can identify it."

"True. There spoke man's inexorable logic: a woman in your case would have shut her eyes to that fact: *I* did. It is possible, however, that the idea of forgery—especially from such a source—never entered into poor Clare's head."

"No doubt; but, on the other hand, she would have dwelt on the handwriting for other reasons."

"Ratiocination again! Dsaw her kiss the letter."

"You omitted to read me the date."

"It is December the 7th."

"What! Are you quite sure?"

"Certain: It was on the 6th that he had the interview with your uncle, and on the next day, as Percy affirms, Mr. Lyster put the result of it—that is, reiterated his consent—in writing."

"Did you see the envelope in which the letter came addressed to Percy?"

"There was none."

"No. Nor was there a letter. Miss Darrell, it is a forgery."

"Great heavens! Take care what you are saying, sir."

"If I see the envelope with the postmark December the 6th or 7th upon it, I will retract the assertion; otherwise my conviction remains unshaken. On the 6th of December, as Percy says, he had his interview with my uncle; that proves the date for me, which I also recollect because I wrote some letters for him that day at his dictation, one, amongst others, to Mr. Roden. I say on that very afternoon, and in my presence, Mr. Lyster lamed his hand, which caused me to act as his amanuensis. The wound remained unhealed for many days, nor do I believe he ever wrote a letter afterward. On that day or that night it was simply impossible that he should have done so."

"Will Clare remember this?"

"No doubt; she keeps a diary, wherein I feel certain such an occurrence, since it happened to her father, will be found set down."

"My dear Herbert, this is very terrible. Poor Clare! Poor Clare!"

They had turned back as if by mutual consent, and were walking slowly toward the Lodge.

"Why did you say 'poor Clare'?" inquired Herbert, presently, in low, grave tones.

"Because I must tell her this. Do you think it is pleasant for a young woman to discover that her bridegroom is a forger?"

"If you tell her, Percy will never be her bridegroom."

"Then it is your opinion that I had better say nothing about it? Yet surely, since we are both agreed that Mr. Percy Fibbert will not make the best of husbands, or, to speak the plain truth, will make a very bad one, it is our duty to save her from him if we can. Why don't you speak, Herbert? Have you no advice to offer?"

"Only that you should do what is best for Clare," was the quiet reply.

With trembling limbs and beating heart, but with a resolution as steady as a rock, Miss Darrell repaired to the boudoir. Clare, however, was not there, but in her dressing-room, at the door of which the old lady knocked gently, at the same time announcing her presence.

"Come in, dear Nannie," said Clare. Her voice, the other noticed, had quite changed within the last few hours. It had regained its old cheerfulness of tone. Her face, too, though pale, had recovered its youth and brightness. She had, for the first time since her father's death, some white in the dress she had just put on, and was in the act of putting a white camellia in her hair as her old friend entered.

"It is not vanity, as you think, Nannie," she said, smiling, "that makes me stand before this pier-glass; but my hair is still so short it is difficult to stick anything in it except a comb. Percy said, 'Let me see my flower in your hair to-night when I come to dinner,' so I am beginning my lesson of obedience. Is it not a beautiful flower? Why, Nannie, what's the matter?"

"Come here, darling, sit by me on the sofa, and I'll tell you what I have to say, though my heart shall break with the shame of it."

"The shame of it? Oh, Nannie, what has poor Gerald done?"

"It is not Gerald."

Clare turned as white as the flower in her hair, and though her face was fixed and searching as that of the Sphinx, Miss Darrell felt her tremble like an aspen. "She guesses the worst at once," was the old lady's reflection, "which shows the poor dear has her doubts of him. It will be the easier for her to bear it." "My darling, I have a sad story to disclose indeed, and it is better that it should tell itself. May I look at your diary?" The little book was lying on the table close beside her. Clare nodded assent; she could not speak; there was something rising in her throat that choked her.

"I will turn to December the 6th. Yes, here it is, just as I anticipated. 'Dear papa much the same, but hurt his hand badly in falling against the mantel-piece. Herbert is fortunately with us, who writes all his letters for him. December 7. Dear papa visibly weaker. His wounded hand troubles him sorely.'"

"What has all this to do with your bad news, Nannie?"

"A good deal, my darling; only too much, alas! Now look at the letter Percy gave you to-day."

Clare drew it mechanically from her bosom.

"Look at the date, my child."

"It is December the 7th."

"On which day your father was incapacitated from writing."

"Then there must be some mistake in the date."

"No mistake is possible. Your father's words, or rather the words that pretend to be his, are, 'I have nothing more to say than I said yesterday morning.' That is the day of his interview with Percy, which was December the 6th. The letter is a forgery; I suspected it from the first."

There was a little plaintive cry that struck the heart-strings, and then all was silent. Across the beautiful face swept one look of agony, and then it fell back still and colorless as death. Clare had fainted away.

The school-mistress had had much experience in faints, and knew what was to be done. While applying every remedy, she did not omit to take the camellia from the shapely head and put it in a drawer. She had half a mind to destroy the letter itself, but fortunately restrained the impulse.

In a little time the patient's consciousness returned.

"Spare him, Nannie, for my sake," were her first words; "keep his shame secret."

"No one shall know it who does not know it now, darling," answered the other, softly. The evasiveness of her reply was unnoticed. The expression of the young girl's face, though intensely sorrowful, was far from stern. There was pity, if not love, in it still. Miss Darrell said to herself, "She will forgive him even this."

"It is four o'clock, darling," said she, gently. "What is to be done? He will be here at five."

"He. Oh no; neither to-day nor ever again."

"Shall I write to him?"

"No; *I* will."

"Do not do anything rash. It is possible—just possible—that Percy may have some explanation to offer."

Clare shook her head. "It is all over; he is guilty."

She rose up, walked with a firm step to her desk, and began to write. Presently she put her hand to her head and looked round, as if in search of the flower she had placed there.

"Here is your camellia, darling."

"It is not mine; it is his." She folded it in the letter, and placed it in the envelope. "Be sure this is put in his own hand, Nannie. Now please to leave me a little. Do not fear, I am not going to fret."

Pale as a moonbeam, but with not a trace of tears in her eyes, Clare joined her friend at dinner that evening. Fortunately Gerald was not present. A few commonplace words passed between the two women, and the girl retained her self-possession even when a note was handed to her by the servant, which she put in her pocket without reading. But Miss Darrell observed that Clare had once more resumed her deep mourning, and rightly guessed that it had the same significance with respect to Percy as the putting on by a judge of his black cap. The offender had been convicted, sentenced, and to Clare was henceforth dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A YOUNG man in Bodie who sent to San Francisco for a dress suit in which to make New-Year's calls felt compelled to postpone those formalities for one year because he found no buckskin lining in the pistol pocket.

A Kentucky clergyman has a plan for "clothing all the arctic regions in living green, and making the wintry world to blossom as the rose." It is to explode a million dollars' worth of powder in the Aleutian Islands.

The year 1881 was a disastrous period for Mother Shipton.

Commenting on the announcement that the Bey of Tunis recently bought a hundred thousand umbrellas in Paris, a contemporary says it is to be inferred that his Majesty is looking forward to a long reign.

One of the native farmers of New Mexico discarded the sharpened stick with which his ancestors turned the sod, and bought an improved American plough. There came a drought, and the seed did not come up. Then he brought out the primitive wooden plough, turned up the soil again, sprinkled it with holy water, and sowed his seed. Rain fell, and the crop was abundant. There has since been no sale in that region for improved agricultural implements.

In deference to the mourning in official circles for the late President Garfield, the preparations for receiving New-Year's calls at the White House were less elaborate this year than they usually have been. But less decoration was required to make the newly furnished mansion attractive than in its shabby days, when many flags and plants used to be so disposed as to hide as much as possible of that which was unsightly. President Arthur received in the Blue Parlor. The wives of the cabinet ministers and several other ladies, including Mrs. Pendleton—invited as the wife of a prominent Democratic Senator—and Mrs. Blaine, assisted in receiving the callers. The President's little daughter, ten years old, stood just back of the ladies, who occupied positions on the President's right. Members of the diplomatic corps, with their wives and daughters, entered first, and were presented by Secretary Frelinghuysen. The dean of the corps—so ranking by reason of the date of presenting his credentials—is the Hawaiian Islands Minister, Mr. Allen. The wife of the Chinese Minister was not present: she will devote a year to becoming acquainted with the language and customs of the country before entering society. President Arthur wore a Prince Albert coat, dark trousers, pearl-tinted gloves, and a dark blue satin tie. The ladies were in full dress.

If Judge Cox had not been called to preside at the Guiteau trial, the duration of Job's example as a model of patience would have been longer.

Sojourner Truth tries to do all things properly and in good time. Having reached the age of one hundred and six years, she made her will.

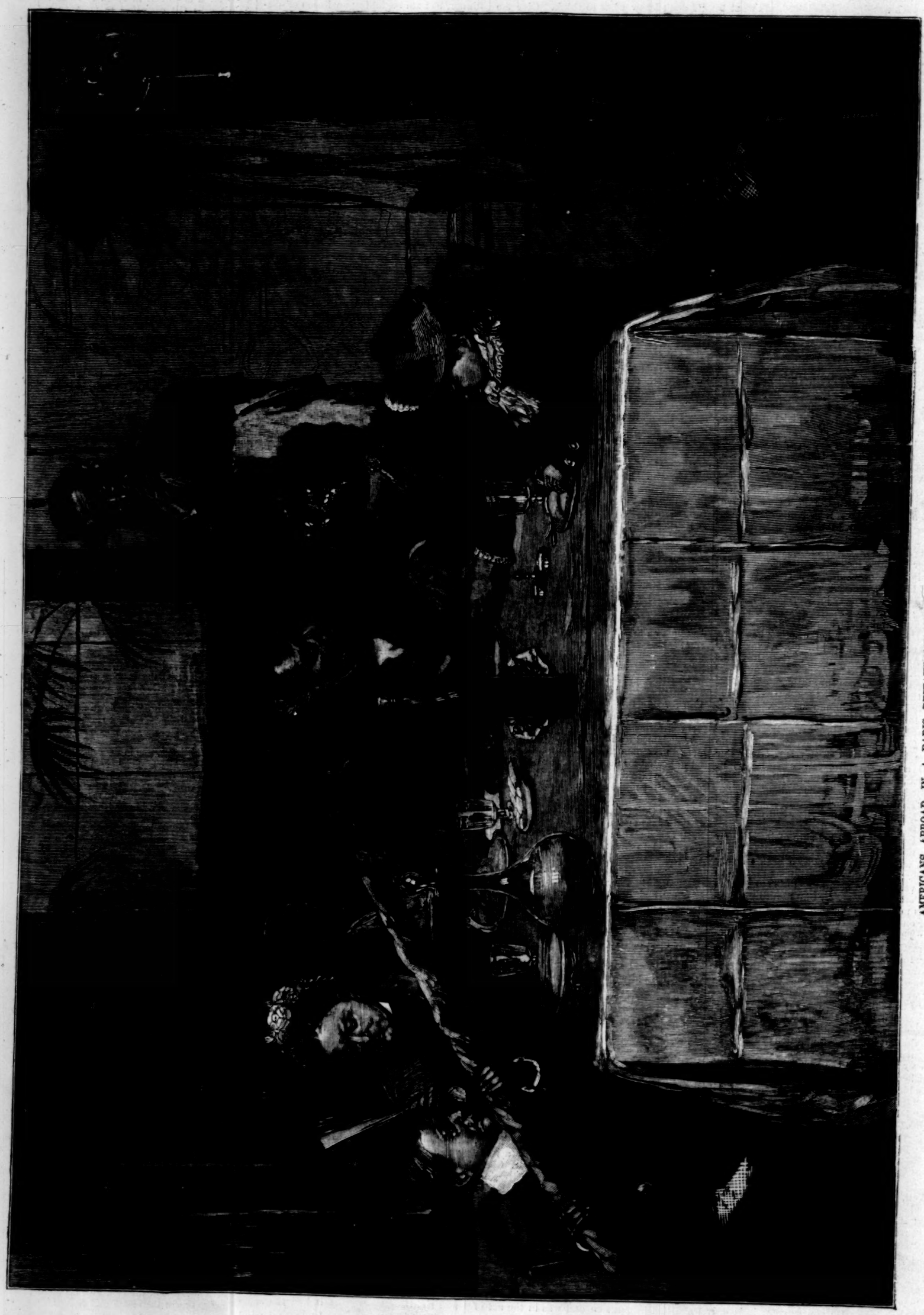
Mr. Armstrong, who in the capacity of a Commissioner of Immigration accompanied the Sandwich Islands King in his recent tour around the world, says in his report that Portuguese immigration from the Azores is the most desirable that can be obtained in sufficient numbers.

On a recent dark night a man was staggering along the sidewalk in St. Louis, and in front of him was a big dog running from side to side, with a lantern in his mouth, lighting the way for his inebriated owner. On meeting another belated person on foot, the man stopped and did justice to the dog in this speech: "Yessur, 'sbet yer life, 'e's a dorg worth having. He's got more sense 'an I have. Look at 'im. He's carryin' me home."

A Christmas story is told in Washington about Senator David Davis. It runs as follows: "The Senator has bought his papers of a certain little ragged newsboy (as most newsboys are little and ragged, this doesn't identify the newsboy very closely; but no matter). On Christmas the Senator bought the youthful news-vender a new suit of clothes from top to toe, had him washed clean, gave him some odd change to spend, and sent him home to his surprised and delighted mother." An appendix sets forth that the Senator did not tell the story himself, but that it leaked out.

Perhaps the most successful wild-goose chase on record was that of a Chautauqua County man. He scooped the inside out of a large pumpkin, cut two holes through the rind, put the pumpkin shell over his head, and waded into a shallow lake where a flock of wild-geese were swimming unconscious of danger. Grabbing a goose, he gently drew her under, and so proceeded until there were none left to tell the tale.

In a tank on the fair grounds in St. Louis were two sea-lions, one of which remained in the water about eight hours a day, and spent all his time making the circuit of the tank. A mathematically inclined person who was employed on the grounds turned his attention to determining how far the creature swam in a day. He observed, it is said, that the sea-lion came to the surface at a certain point in every round, and smote the side of the tank with his flipper, varying not more than six inches from this point in any of his circuits; and that he made 284 rounds per hour, swimming in that period a distance of five miles. At that rate he should score—in the language of the pedestrian track—about forty miles a day.



AMERICANS ABROAD—IN A PARIS RESTAURANT.—DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

GOLD-C

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 26.]

SENEX TO HIS FRIEND.

(ABOUT THE PERIOD OF A NEW YEAR.)

BY PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

YOUR hair is scant, my friend, and mine is scanter,*
On heads snowed white by Time, the disenchanter;
In place of joyous beams and jovial twinkles,
Behold, old boy, our faces scored with wrinkles!

Sparkles your legal lore with salt that's Attic!
But, ah! those twinges (gout?), those pangs rheumatic!
With muse of mine no more the public quarrels,
But, Lord! how cold I feel despite the laurels!

If spiced your fame, not so your milk or sago:
Only mild diet suits a sharp lumbago.
While as for me—what critic "puff" avails one
Whose own short breath (asthmatic!) almost fails one?

The world we deemed so rife with fadeless prizes—
Which of us most its hollow show despises?
We'd yield our gains for just one marvellous minute
Of our lost youth, with all youth's glory in it!

Yet from this House of Life, now wrapped in twilight,
Gleams 'mid the shadowy roof Faith's magic skylight;
Whereby, as night steals down through weird gradations,
We hail the glow of heavenly constellations.

So, as through darkness only dawn the graces
Of God's calm stars and lofty shining spaces,
That night called death which shrouds our bodies breathless
May flood the heaven of soul with peace that's deathless.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN UNION AND MADISON SQUARES.

IN July last people passing through Union and Madison squares were surprised to see long timbers lying on the grass. Shortly a pair of shears sixty feet in height was raised in the centre of Union Square. By means of these shears a derrick 92½ feet high was raised, and the shears lowered therefrom. In the mean time ship-carpenters had put together an enormous tapering mast 160 feet long, and it lay on the ground under the derrick, stretching north and south. Two large trenches forming a cross had been dug, and a cradle of timber placed therein. On one of the warmest days of July, at about noon, the square was cleared by the police, and this enormous mast, weighing between six and seven tons, was gradually raised from the ground, swung into position, and dropped into its place. This operation was repeated in Madison Square; and from the tops of these two poles now shine down the great electric lights, one of which forms the subject of one of our illustrations this week. They are part of the BRUSH system, by which a portion of the city—say a mile of Broadway, a mile of Fifth Avenue, Fourteenth and Thirty-fourth streets between Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and Madison and Union squares—are lighted. This is what is called the "combination plan," such as is in use in Cleveland and other Western cities. For the streets proper lamps of 2000 candle-power each, on posts from twenty to thirty feet high, set at intervals of a block, are used, whereas in open squares the masts are adopted. In Akron, Ohio, and some other places where the houses are generally low, only masts are used. If the conformation of a town and the character of the buildings be such as to permit a diffusion of the light, the mast system is not only very satisfactory but extremely economical. In the West iron towers are generally used; sometimes of open-work, as in the case of the one at San José, California, of which a picture was recently given in this paper. On the New York masts a circular carriage, to which are fastened six enormous electric lamps of 6000 candle-power each, is raised by an ingenious and powerful mechanism from a gallery about eighteen feet above the ground (on which the man stands who replaces the carbons each day) to its nightly position.

This street-lighting, as well as that in hotels, stores, etc., is performed by the Brush Electric Illuminating Company of New York, which derives its rights from the Brush Electric Company of Cleveland, Ohio, holding the patents of Mr. CHARLES F. BRUSH, of that city. The BRUSH dynamo machines are of various sizes, but those most commonly in use are the No. 7, giving sixteen 2000 candle-power lights, and the No. 8, giving forty. Two machines may be coupled on one circuit, which may be of very great length. At the trial in Paris which resulted in the purchase of the BRUSH patents for France, thirty-four lights were operated for forty consecutive days on a single circuit of twenty miles in length. This operating of a large number of lights on long circuits, and the principle of the "shunt" (by which, in case of accident to one lamp, the current is carried past it and on to the next), are the most notable features of the BRUSH system. The most remarkable of Mr. BRUSH'S inventions, however, is that announced as nearly ready to be made public, viz., the storage of electricity in a practical and entirely commercial manner. A storage reservoir must needs be very much more efficient than that of the Frenchman FAURE to be useful and profitable, and Mr. BRUSH'S success up to this date warrants the belief that his invention, when in actual use, will be found to meet all requirements.

The BRUSH lamps in circuit in New York are operated from three stations, designated A, B, and C. Station A is in West Twenty-fifth Street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues; Station B, in Elizabeth Street, between Prince and Spring; Station C, in Washington Street, near Morris. These stations when completed will have an aggregate capacity of between 2000 and 3000 lights. In them are powerful steam-engines and dynamo machines, and from them lead many miles of metallic circuits over the city. Between the dynamo machines and the lamps, "switches" for the shifting and control of the currents and automatic regulators are, and the storage reservoirs will be, interposed.

The mast lights in the squares are operated from Station A. To each group is assigned a special dynamo machine. It would be perfectly easy to couple these machines together, but at present they are operated separately. The circuit is led over on the company's poles to the edge of the square and to a point on the mast a short distance above the gallery. From this point both the positive and negative wires are carried on insulators to the top of the pole, where each ends in one side of a copper spring. As these sides are normally in contact, the circuit is complete before the lamps are in position. A wire connection runs around through the six lamps on the carriage, and each end terminates in a copper plate on the opposite sides of a wedge-shaped projection set vertically on the carriage. When this carriage is hoisted into position, as announced by an indicator and gong, this wedge-shaped projection has been forced between the sides of the copper spring, and thus when the current is switched on it runs through the entire set of lamps, and lights them in the twinkling of an eye. These lights produce a very beautiful effect in the squares, and they can be plainly seen from Orange Mountain, fifteen or sixteen miles away.

* "He hath a poll *scanter* o' hair than the old monk's at Shrewsbury."—*A Friar in Fetters* (1582).

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1307, Vol. XXVI.]

RESURGO.

A COMEDY BY "OUIDA."

Cloth of gold, do not despise
To match thyself with cloth of frieze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PHILIP DORMER, *Earl L'Estrange.*
MARQUIS OF IPSWICH (*son of the Duke of Lowestoft*).
PRINCIPE CARLO SANFRIANO.
ALDRED DARIAN.
DUCA DI MONTELUPO.
CLAIRE, *Madame Glyon.*
LAURA, *Principessa Sanfriano.*
LADY COWES.
COUNTESS OF ST. ASAPH.
MARCHESA ZANZINI.
Other minor persons.

SCENE II.

Drawing-Room, Palazzo Sanfriano.

Present: The PRINCESS, MME. GLYON, LADY COWES, MARCHESA ZANZINI, IPSWICH, *various minor personages. It is six o'clock. Tea on a guéridon.*

Lady Cowes (*whispering to* M. ZANZINI). Such a dear creature, the Princess; but she always *does* know such queer people!

Marchesa. Who you mean? La Glyon? Oh, but artist, you know—that excuse everything.

Lady Cowes. In a studio, perhaps. Not in a drawing-room.

Marchesa (*laughing*). Ah, you dear English! You are always so ironed—I mean, so starched! For me, I am for my own house; but I care not who I meet other people's.

Lady Cowes. But the Princess introduces her!

Marchesa. What if she do? The new woman must call first. You not return her card. That very simple. Everything stop there.

Lady Cowes. But the Princess would never forgive it!

Marchesa (*stolidly*). Pooh! What matter what a little *bastarda* American like or no like?

Lady Cowes (*shocked*). Oh, *dearest* Marchesa! Indeed, indeed, the poor Princess was not—was not what you say. She was *nobody*, indeed; but I am sure her parents were quite respectable, and very rich. Indeed, my son, when he was fishing in Canada, *dined* with them!

Marchesa (*shaking with laughing*). Ah, ah! and the dinner is the sacrament of respectability; is it not so? But I mean not what you think. *Bastardo* with us, that mean, what you call it, mongrel—not born—*née de rien*—how you say it?

Lady Cowes (*still shocked*). Yes, yes; I see; quite so; you speak English so beautifully, Marchesa! Ah, dear Lady Asaph is over there.

[*Rises and goes to that end of room.*

Marchesa (*to* IPSWICH). Come here and recount me of the stipple-chase. You won, they tell me; is that so?

Ipswich. Yes; after a fashion. I rode an awful screw.

Marchesa. Screw? There is corkscrew; there is screw to a steam-ship; there is screw that you put into wood; how you can ride a screw? Tell me.

Princess (*passing by*). Marchesa, he will call you a purist.

Marchesa. Ah, my dear, as you are here, tell me, who is your friend La Glyon?

Princess (*colors a little*). She is Madame Glyon. Surely you have heard of her?

Marchesa. My child! She is one of those of whom one hears fifty thousand things every five minutes, but perhaps none of them may be very true things. That is why I ask you (because Lady Cow do ask me) who was she, whence comes she, who was M. Glyon—or, it may be, who *is* he?

Princess. She is a widow. Forgive me, there are people coming in.

[*Escapes to receive new comers.*

Marchesa. She not care to talk about her. That is ill. I will ask Carlino.

Ipswich. Who is he?

Marchesa. Sanfriano. Carlino!

Sanfriano. Marchesa?

Marchesa. Who is La Glyon, your wife's friend? I spik English because *queste gente* they not spik Italian.

Ipswich. I'm afraid *we* haven't often such good manners in return.

Marchesa. Pooh! We not come to you for *manners;* we come to you for *morals.* Carlino, answer me, who is La Glyon?

Sanfriano. On my honor, I do not know. She was at the same convent with Laura in Paris. They are great friends.

Marchesa. And who was Monsieur Glyon?

Sanfriano. That I can not tell you. A scoundrel, I believe, who married her when she was very young. You know, of course, that she is a great artist?

Marchesa. You never ask the Principessa more?

Sanfriano. I never ask the Principessa anything; quite content if she return the compliment. There is the Californian beauty. Look at her. Is she not adorable? Fresh as a daisy; white as a lily.

[*He goes to greet the Californian beauty.*

Marchesa. There is something bad. I shall not send her a card to my ball.

Lady St. Asaph. How do, Marchesa? How are your sweet little grandchildren? They were quite the stars of the babies' ball at our embassy. Do tell me (*drops her voice*)—you know everything. Lady Cowes has been making me quite uncomfortable about that Frenchwoman over there, who is staying with the Princess. She says she is—well, you know, not at all what one likes to meet where one visits. Is it true?

Marchesa. I shall not send her card for my ball; Sanfriano think not well of her; her husband he disappear; not a soul know who she was.

Lady St. Asaph. But it is intolerable of the Principessa. I am grieved I brought my girls.

Marchesa (*grimly*). She will not eat dem. She only get all the men round her.

Lady St. Asaph. Perhaps she is *separated!*

Marchesa. Dat is very likely. Why not?

Lady St. Asaph. But it is horrible, scandalous! Couldn't one speak to the French ambassador?

L'Estrange (*to* PRINCESS). Dear Principessa, will you not do for me the kindness that you denied me the other night?

Princess (*nervously*). Madame Glyon never makes new acquaintances.

L'Estrange. But she and I should have so many themes of talk in common, and, honestly, I admire her pure and wonderful genius so greatly.

Princess (*pettishly*). Oh, she is bored to death with people praising her genius.

L'Estrange. Undiscerning praise, perhaps. Nothing more wearisome; but—

Ipswich. But this Ruskin of the drawing-room, this St. James Street prophet, this æsthetic of æsthetics, who sees no excellence out of Leonardo, will give her a very different thing to vulgar compliment.

L'Estrange (*coldly*). Certainly; I should presume to offer her sympathy.

[*At that moment* MME. GLYON, *who is at the tea table, has the lace at her wrist caught by the spirit-flame of the silver kettle; her sleeve takes fire.* L'ESTRANGE *is quicker than any one: he extinguishes the burning lace with his handkerchief, and is slightly burned in the palms of his hands.* MME. GLYON *says nothing, but sits down and grows very pale. Buzz of excitement from others round them.*

L'Estrange (*smiling*). Indeed, I am not hurt. The skin scorched—nothing more. Madame Glyon, fate has been kinder to me than the Princess. I have implored in vain a presentation to you. Will you not allow the kettle to be my sponsor? If you will not, I assure you that I will pour vitriol on my fingers, and declare that I am crippled for life by saving you.

Mme. Glyon (*bows coldly*). I have to thank you for great presence of mind. I fear you are hurt yourself.

L'Estrange. Would that I were! But, at all events, let the kettle's misdemeanor allow me to introduce myself, and—will you not at least give me a cup of tea?

Mme. Glyon (*she pours him out a cupful as she speaks*). As you please.

[*He seats himself at the table.*

Lady Cowes (*to* LADY ST. ASAPH). Is it not extraordinary, my dear Anne, how women of *that* kind of character always attract men?

Lady St. Asaph. Because they lay themselves out for it.

Marchesa Zanzini. Ah ha! And what do your girls do at your lawn tennis? I not wish to know La Glyon, but I am quite sure she never jump about in jersey with perspiring man in shirt.

Lady Cowes (*to* LADY ST. ASAPH). How anxious the little Princess looks because Lord L'Estrange has got attracted by that woman! But *why* does she have her here? Is it because (*mysteriously*)—because the Prince *compels* her to be civil, do you think?

Lady St. Asaph (*also mysteriously*). It can hardly be that. You know he would not be *allowed* by the Duchess Danta. She holds him *so* close.

Lady Cowes. Then what *can* it be? She was at the same convent as the Princess. Is it possible she knows of any school-girl imprudence, and *therefore* has to be propitiated?

Marchesa Zanzini. Suppose that it only just is that they do like each other?

Lady St. Asaph (*with a sour smile*). I don't think that's possible. Why, when they are together she actually *kills* the little Princess, overtops her, washes her out. No; there *must* be a reason for the friendship. We will hope that it is a good one.

Marchesa (*with a chuckle*). And pray that it is a wicked one, eh? Oh, look not so scandalized! Good reasons, they give other folk no diversions. I can not endure them myself.

Lady Cowes. You are cynical, Marchesa.

Marchesa. Ah, no! It is not me who have ever the spleen.

Lady Cowes. To be sure—of course; your lovely sun, no fog, no east wind: who *could* be ill-natured in Italy?

Marchesa. To be certain, nobody, unless they bring with them their ill-nature in the train, as they do bring their umbrellas, and their sponges, and their—how you call it—portable baths?

Ipswich (*aside, laughing*). How merciless you are, Marchesa!

Marchesa (*aside*). Ah! that Miladi Cow she make me impatient. It is just that she want Milord L'Estrange for her daughter Luisa. La Glyon, she is nobody; I not know her myself; but she *is* handsome, and to men she is cold. See! she leave L'Estrange now and go and talk to that old Monsignore instead. Your friend he look gloom—how you say it—glum? He not like to be *planté-là* alone with the tea-cups.

Ipswich (*with surprise*). She does seem uncivil to him.

Marchesa (*with sarcastic smile*). You Englishmen, you so spoiled by your own women, you think any woman who not throw herself at your head uncivil. Your women are forwards, and that is always bad. It spoil men.

Ipswich (*with a sigh*). Well, they do butter us and come after us too much at home, that's true. You can't get away from 'em anywhere.

Marchesa (*grimly*). Poor creature! You honey; they flies. Now here, it is *we* are the honey. That is prettier.

Ipswich. Much prettier, and a long shot better fun.

Marchesa. Long shot! You speak strange English, you young men. Well, I go; it is seven o'clock. I dine your embassy. You dine too? *A rivederci.*

[*A general rising; people go out one by one.* L'ESTRANGE *approaches the* PRINCESS *to say adieu.*

L'Estrange. Madame, your friend is too cruel; she scarcely deigns to speak to me.

Princess (*sharply*). I am sure you must have done so much cruelty yourself and endured so little from others that the change is the best thing possible for you.

L'Estrange (*a little coldly*). Certainly Madame Glyon is a great artist, and I am only a poor dilettante; still, I can not see what I can have done to offend her, and—

Ipswich. You have been *snubbed?* How delicious! I could kiss the carpet where Madame Glyon's feet have just passed. It is the very thing you have wanted all your life long, only it comes too late.

L'Estrange. Really, Ipswich, you have a good deal of the Margate 'Arry about you. You have all the wit of a cheap tripper. Princess, you are so exquisitely kind yourself that I feel confident you will soften the heart of your friend toward one of the most sincere admirers of her genius, and, if I may add it without offense—of herself.

Princess (*giving him her hand in farewell*). I think I shall do nothing of the sort. To be "out in the cold" a little must be such excellent discipline for you who have been brought up in a hothouse amidst parasites all your life.

L'Estrange. A frost more often kills than cures, madame.

Ipswich. Princess! You *will* promise me the cotillon to-night? Pray—

Princess. I will tell you after the last waltz.

[*They take leave of her and exeunt.*

Princess (*left alone*). Marco, go and beg Madame Glyon to be so good as to come to me a moment. [*Servant exit.*

Princess (*aloud*). Good heavens! What wretches men are! If she were his wife now, he would be finding every fault in her that a human creature could have, and be forever writing notes to her about conventionalities, and breaches of precedence at her last dinner party. Just because she seems something new, uncommon, indifferent, incomprehensible, the base weak monster is piqued and almost in love. They are all alike—all alike. If I were that somebody else's wife, Sanfriano would be mad about me, and ruin himself in five minutes to satisfy my caprice or my curiosity. Because I *am* his wife, he never even sees what sort of gown I've got on, and if he is obliged to spend an hour with me, he goes to sleep. And yet I am ten, fifteen, twenty million times prettier than that yellow, lean, black-browed Danta woman! (MADAME GLYON *enters.*) Ah, dearest Claire, how good of you to come down again; but there are heaps of time before dinner, and I did so want to tell you—you have made that man in love with you.

BY DR.

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Mme. Glyon. Laura, if you were any one else—

Princess. Than myself, you would leave my house before dinner. But I am myself, dear, and privileged to say anything. Don't look so stern and so reproachful. If you choose, in a fortnight's time he will be as much in love with you as—as—

Mme. Glyon. As he was with a gardener's daughter in Touraine.

Princess. Oh, Claire! you are the proudest woman in the world.

Mme. Glyon. No; I am the humblest, or should be, for I have been the most humbled.

Princess. But now, if you took your revenge?

Mme. Glyon. Revenge? A ghastly word, not one I like or use.

Princess. It was a religion here in Rome, and should be yours. Oh, my dear, I know we are not in the days of daggers, and that if we were, you would not use one; but I mean a vengeance innocent enough, but just. Make this man love you, and then when he will suffer tortures in your rejection, tortures of passion, tortures of pride, then avenge with one word, "No," the gardener's daughter of Touraine. You will? You will?

Mme. Glyon. Laura, you talk as if life were a game of tennis, or a struggle between two gamesters—nothing more. You never understand—

Princess. I never understand life as *you* see and read it. To accept outrage and neglect, to condemn yourself to solitude and sterility; to let the destroyer of it pass off unpunished, and have society like a gilded ball at his foot, to kick or play with—this is what you think honor and dignity and duty. Well, to me it is a folly, nothing more—a grand, idiotic, sublime, and most useless tomfoolery. There!

Mme. Glyon. My dear, we see things with such different eyes. I said so the other day. I grieve that I listened to you, and staid here against my better judgment; but who could foresee the little accident that gave him opportunity and leave to speak to me?

Princess. And he admires you beyond everything; your pictures he thinks perfection; yourself—

Mme. Glyon (*with heat and pain*). Oh, spare me, for Heaven's sake, more evidence that no ray of recollection dawns on the utter night of his absolute forgetfulness. His admiration—*his!* A dog would have more recognition, more instinct, more remembrance.

Princess (*surprised*). But you always dreaded any recognition.

Mme. Glyon (*losing her calmness*). Who has said our granted wishes are our curses? Do not mistake me; I know that any suspicion on his part would lead to misery for him and for myself, and were there any chance of it, I would put seas and deserts between him and me. Yet—ah, my dear, women are weak!—when he looks at me as on a stranger, when he speaks to me with the compliment of society, it is hard to bear.

Princess. But, dearest, do be reasonable. To him you have been dead so long: there is your memorial marble in his chapel. What can you expect him to—

Mme. Glyon. I know, I know. I said the same thing myself the other day in the Ludovisi gardens. Yet one might have thought—when I spoke—some accent, some tone might have touched some chord in his heart.

Princess. He has none. He never had any. Would he have done what he did—

Mme. Glyon. What he did was done from pride. He was ashamed of me; he was mortified before his world by my ignorance and my errors. Perhaps I should have understood that, but I was so young. You can not give a child of fifteen all the most exquisite joys of love and life for a year's time, and then drive her away from all the happiness you have taught her, and consign her to the dreary tedium of a convent life, without making her mad or worse! I loved him—you know how I loved him! Could he widow me at sixteen, and think I should be patient? And then to know how he had wearied of me, how he blushed for me, because I knew not all the little laws of his own world; how every day had been a greater shame and bitterness of regret to him until he had thrust me out of sight and memory under the sophist's pretext that I had received no education, and should gain it best amongst the women of my own religion! O God! the torture of it, the martyrdom, the death in life! And you think to please me and console me because you tell me that he admires my pictures and my face!

Princess. Claire, you frighten me. Pray don't be angry. I only thought—I only meant—if I were you, I should revenge myself. You are famous, you are beautiful, you are independent; I would make him die of love for me, and die in vain. He has no heart, but he has passions. I would wring his very soul.

Mme. Glyon. You would do nothing of the kind if you had loved him once; nor would there be decency or dignity in any such poor revenge as that. Besides, what a romance you weave because he scorched his hand! He only sought me because he is a connoisseur, and therefore artists are the poor moths he puts under his microscope.

Princess. But you must feel proud of having achieved such a position for yourself.

Mme. Glyon. I can be proud of nothing. A man loved me and wearied of me. That is humiliation enough to crush the pride of an empress into dust.

Princess. You should not be humiliated at all. You are greater than he. You should scorn him.

Mme. Glyon (*with her teeth set*). Perhaps I do. But that can not take the sting from the wound. Yes, it was cruel, and so contemptible! He was a man of the world; he knew its codes, its exactions, its false estimates; he knew also that a peasant child, taken from field and orchards, who only knew the Credo and the alphabet, could not by any miracle conceive the ways and the demands, the rigor and the mockery, of a patrician society. He should have sent me to the convent first, and waited until I was more fit for his people and his sphere. Indeed—indeed—had he even said to me when he did send me from him, "Do this for love of me, my child," I would, I think, have borne the exile and the shame of it. But he grew colder and colder, more silent every day; he was too courteous to say to me all he felt, but in his eyes I read the daily humiliation that I was to him, and when he wrote to me—*wrote to me!*—that he was going on an Indian tour, and would be away two years, and those two years he wished me to pass at the convent, learning, as he phrased it, the ordinary rules and graces of society, what girl of my age then could have underwent such agony? And I—I adored the very dust he trod; I would kiss the heads of the dogs he had laid his hand on! To him, no doubt, it was but one of many episodes; an idyl lived out and found insipid. No doubt I was ignorant, and for him my ignorance was fatigue and shame; but to me he and his love were all my life, and I could not tell why what he had earlier praised as pure and fresh and unconventional should have later lost all charm for him—I could not tell— Hush! There is the Prince.

Prince (*entering*). *Care mie!* are you not going to dress to-night? We dine in ten minutes, Laura, and then there will be two hours wanted for you to get into your ball costume, and we must be punctual, since the Queen goes.

Princess. Oh! the court never gets anywhere till eleven. You always fidget so! and you are always late yourself. My maid always gets me into my clothes in fifteen minutes by the clock. I do not paint my skin.

Prince. There is so very little to put on you when it is question of a ball! Two inches of corsage and a little wreath for a sleeve. It might be done in *five* minutes!

Princess. My gowns are always decent. The Duchess Danta's exhibition of her vertebræ—

Mme. Glyon (*pushing her gently to the door*). My dear! what is the use of that? It prevents nothing and imbitters everything.

Prince (*angrily*). Madam Glyon, you see! She prick, prick, prick me every hour like that, and then she do wonder that I like better other women!

Mme. Glyon. My dear Prince, what pricks you is your conscience. You know you do neglect Laura sadly.

Prince (*opening his eyes widely*). I leave her alone. She has her own way. I only want her do the same by me. *Ma quando sono gelose le donne.*

Mme. Glyon (*smiling*). No wife is wise. But I shall be late for dinner. [*Exit.*

Prince (*to himself*). *That* is a woman I could have got on with; not that I care about her. Antonio! *un bicchierrino di Vermouth.*

[*Exit toward dining-room.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT FIFTY YEARS.

It seems but yesterday since we set sail
From our first port, our happy childhood's strand;
Since then we've weathered many a stormy gale,
And touched awhile at many a pleasant land.
We are tried sailors now, and we can feel
How steadily our hands can guide the wheel.

But we go back no more—no, never more!
Over the waste of waters all in vain
We turn to gaze on childhood's happy shore:
Upon Life's sea no ship turns back again.
Ah, well! There have been tempests in the past,
And we are in the calm deep seas at last.

Now set all sails, the wind is soft and fair,
The sky is cloudless as in days of June;
After the morning's stormy fight and care,
How pleasant is the still, warm afternoon!
Now we may calmly work and calmly rest,
And watch the sun sink grandly to the west.

Full many a year we've been tossed to and fro;
But now the tempest and the care are o'er,
And bright, though far away, the home lights glow:
Why should we weep, though we return no more?
The port from which we sailed lay cold and low;
The haven that we seek no storms can know.

OUR ÆSTHETIC VISITOR.

[Mr. OSCAR WILDE, the young English poet, who is popularly believed to be the original of DU MAURIER'S "Postlethwaite," and is recognized in London as the leader of the æsthetic movement, arrived in this city last week. The following sketch of Mr. WILDE was prepared by an ardent "æsthete," whose enthusiasm has perhaps led him to somewhat overestimate the greatness of his revered leader.]

THE Master is among us, and although the worshippers of the Beautiful will hasten to lay their lilies at his grand and earnest feet, there be those who know him not. To them it may be told that the Master is the son—speaking after the manner of worldlings—of Sir WILLIAM WILDE, a well-known Irish oculist, and of Lady WILDE, that sweet soft thistle of poesy, in whose verses, signed "Speranza," are found the promise and potency of the poetry of her marvellous son. He is about twenty-eight years old, and graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1878, when he won the Newdigate Prize for English verse, and he has since devoted himself to the cause of which he is the revered leader. He is tall, with broad shoulders, and yet with a lily-like grace of form. His face is oval, with a chin of imperial splendor and an earnestly precious nose. His hair flows over his shoulders, and, like the glorious dawn, he is beardless. Clothed with a white lily, and a few other less utterly divine garments, he is Beauty and Soul and Horticulture and Silent Music mingled together.

It is as the incarnation of æstheticism and the avatar of the unutterable that the Master is chiefly known in this country. Americans have gained some little knowledge of him from studying the solemn and beautiful ceremonies of *Patience*, a "mystery," which the profane vainly regard as a trivial and amusing farce, and in which the Master is held up to our admiration under the guise of Bunthorne. Æstheticism has been rashly defined as the search for the Beautiful, but those who have studied the words of the Master, as written in his volume of poems, know that this is but half the truth. The æsthete reveres Beauty, but he also reveres all that is unthinkable and intensely unformed. He perceives the supernal beauty of ugliness, the nearness of the infinitely remote, and he is, as one of the minor æsthetic poets has exquisitely sung,

"As pure as the perfume of parting,
And subtle and saintly as sin."

The Master has labored but in vain if he has not taught these great and bluish-yellow truths. He has shown us how blessed and compact are the hollowness and worthlessness of life. He has led us with his beckoning lily into the enchanted land where all is beauty, and where by comparison even gas and gaiters would seem prosaic and earthly. He is come as the missionary of the æsthetic to the benighted millions of America to whom a lily is nothing but a lily, and who have never dreamed that it is music and religion and ancient and modern languages and the use of the globes and a perforated chest-protector. To doubt his success would be to doubt the sanity both of the Master and of his disciples.

While he is here the Master will not only lecture—as the earthly-minded would doubtless characterize his priceless utterances—but will produce on the stage a tragedy which he has written. We who may live to see not only the beginning, but the second or even the third act of that tragedy, will have known joys sadder than any surprise party, and more cooling and soothing than purgatorial flames.

ANIMALS THAT FISH.

IN India tame otters are not unfrequently used for catching fish, which they bring ashore in their teeth, and for driving shoals of fish into the nets. Dr. William Hamilton gives an interesting account of a water-dog in Ireland which had become a most excellent fisher. "In riding from Portrush to the Giant's Causeway with some company, we had occasion to ford the river near the sea, and as the fishermen were going to haul the net, we stopped to see their success. As soon as the dog perceived the men to move, he instantly ran down the river of his own accord, and took part in the middle of it, on some shallows, where he could occasionally run or swim, and in this position he placed himself with all the eagerness and attention so strongly observable in a pointer dog which sets his game. We were some time at a loss to apprehend his scheme, but the event soon satisfied us, and amply justified the prudence of the animal, for the fish, when they feel the net, always endeavor to make directly out to sea. Accordingly, one of the salmon, escaping from the net, rushed down the stream with great velocity toward the ford, where the dog stood to receive him at an advantage. A very diverting chase now commenced, in which, from the shallowness of the water, we could discern the whole track of the fish, with all its rapid turnings and windings. After a smart pursuit, the dog found himself left considerably behind in consequence of the water deepening, by which he had been reduced to the necessity of swimming. But instead of following his desperate game any longer, he readily gave it over, and ran with all his speed directly down the river, till he was sure of being again to seaward of the salmon, where he took post as before in his pointer's attitude. Here the fish a second time met him, and a fresh pursuit ensued, in which, after various attempts, the salmon at last made its way out to sea, notwithstanding all the ingenious and vigorous exertions of its pursuer. Though the dog did not succeed at this time, yet I was informed that it was no unusual thing for him to run down his game; and the fishermen assured me he was of very great advantage to them by turning the salmon toward the net. During the whole of the chase this sagacious animal seemed plainly to have two objects in view: one, to seize his game, if possible; and the other, to drive it toward the net when the former failed."

Cuvier expresses his surprise that the ichthyophagi have not trained the seal to assist them in fishing. The seal possesses a far higher degree of intelligence than the rodents, and than most of the ruminants. There is no doubt that much might be done in this way, for examples are not wanting to prove the singular docility of the seal. During the time that rumored invasions by the French caused all parts of the coast of Britain to be fortified, a small party on one of the little islands in the Frith of Forth, near Edinburgh, amused themselves by taming a seal. It had all the affection and playfulness of a dog. It fished for itself, and sometimes for its masters. It fawned about them, licked their hands, and if it did not accompany those who made an excursion in the boat, it was sure to meet them on their return. It always came to their hut to sleep, and conducted itself as if it was one of the party. There is no saying how far its training might have been carried, but it fell out of a bed, and was killed while young.

One of the old domestic sports of the Earls of Monteith in their island home of Falla was fishing with trained geese. A line with a baited hook was tied to the leg of a goose, which, thus accoutred, was made to swim in water of a proper depth. A boat, well filled, escorted this formidable knight-errant. A marauding pike would take off the bait, and put his mettle to the test; a combat ensued, in which both of the contending heroes would show much strength and agility, but at length the goose invariably dragged him a prisoner.

The legend of St. Cuthbert and the Solan geese does not inform us whether the feathered bipeds were employed to provide fish, although the inference would be that it formed a part of their avocations in the Farne Islands. The saint tamed them by his miraculous powers, and made them as obedient and docile a flock as abbot ever ruled. The geese went before him in regular platoons, following the word of command, and doing what he ordered.

Du Halde describes the Chinese method of fishing by means of the cormorant with great accuracy. In the morning, when the sun rises, one may see on the rivers a considerable number of boats, and several of these birds sitting on the sides; the fishermen turn their boats about upon the river, and at the signal which they give by striking one of their oars on the water the cormorants fly into the water, plunge overhead, and, diving to the very bottom, seize the fish by the middle, then coming up again they carry it to the bark, where the fisherman receiving it takes the bird, and holding it legs uppermost, makes it disgorge the small fish which it had swallowed, by passing his hand along the neck, on which there is a ring at the lower part which hinders them from going directly into the crop. When the fishing is quite over, they take away the ring, and let them feed; and when a particular fish is too large for one, they assist each other, one taking the tail and another the head, and bring it to their master.

AMERICANS ABROAD.

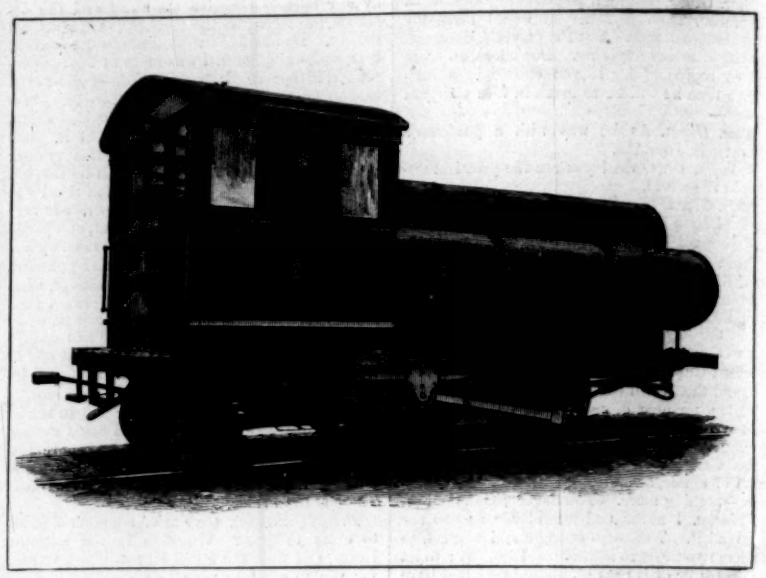
AMERICANS who go to Paris with but a slight knowledge of French often experience great difficulty in ordering meals in restaurants where the waiters do not understand English. Some verdant travellers on such occasions resort to "broken" English, uttered in very loud, decisive tones, while others adopt the expedient of pointing out on the bill of fare the dishes they take a fancy to. A few years ago a simple-hearted American couple of middle age, who wished to pass a few weeks comfortably in Paris, but who did not know a word of French, hit on the idea of getting a friend to write them out a bill of fare, including breakfast, dinner, and supper, for every day in the week. Armed with this document, they would wend their way to the restaurant, lay the appropriate bill of fare before the waiter, and take their meal in peace and comfort. One unfortunate day they forgot to take the all-important paper with them, and after vainly endeavoring to make the waiter understand their wants, they were compelled to return dinnerless to their hotel. Of late years many of the larger class of Paris restaurants have one or two waiters who know just enough English to misunderstand orders, and bring what isn't wanted.

In Mr. REINHART'S drawing on page 24 we see a group of Americans who have evidently just arrived in Paris. The daughter, who has perhaps been to Vassar, is scrutinizing the bill of fare; and the commercial papa may be imagined as saying, "*Now* you've got a chance to show what you can do in the French line." The irrepressible boy compares the long loaf of bread to a base-ball club, and receives a check from his mother for his impertinence, while the waiter, grave and respectful in demeanor, can hardly repress a smile at the comical actions of Young America.

PIERRE C. VAN WYCK, M.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ASSAY-OFFICE.

DR. PIERRE CORTLANDT VAN WYCK, the new Superintendent of the New York Assay-office, was born September 24, 1824, at the old Manor-House, Croton, New York. He was graduated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, in the class of 1845. At Princeton he was a favorite pupil, in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, of Professors HENRY and TORREY. He studied Medicine at Columbia Medical College, in this city, under Dr. WILLARD PARKER and Professor JOHN TORREY, who was afterward United States Assayer for many years in the New York Assay-office, and whose son, Mr. HERBERT G. TORREY, is now at the head of the same department. Graduating in 1849, he was appointed United States Examiner of Drugs at the Port of New York by President TAYLOR. In 1862 he was appointed by President LINCOLN United States Assessor of the Fourth District of New York. He organized the district, and continued to administer it until the consolidation in 1871, making an excellent record as a thorough and efficient officer. Dr. VAN WYCK has always been actively engaged in politics, first with the Whig and afterward with the Republican party. He has been a personal friend of President ARTHUR for more than twenty years, and is a prominent member of the Union League Club.



COMPRESSED-AIR LOCOMOTIVE.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE.

MR. ROBERT HARDIE, of Edinburgh, Scotland, has invented a locomotive which bids fair, if all that is claimed for it is realized, to bring about great improvements in the business of railroad transportation. The new motor is run by compressed air, and is almost noiseless in its operation. It is a curious-looking piece of machinery. In general terms, it has four steel cylindrical tanks, in which the compressed air is carried, and a cab like any ordinary motor, but without any tender. The cylinders are about ten feet long and thirty inches in diameter. They occupy the place of the symmetrical boiler of a motor, and are riveted strongly together. They look oddly enough to a passenger who stands on a platform and sees them coming full tilt toward him. There is no smoke-stack, no steam-pipe, no bell to the engine. These steel tanks have been tested with a pressure of 850 pounds to the square inch, though capable of resisting 1000 pounds pressure. The engine cab contains a small upright boiler partially filled with water, which is kept at a boiling-point or thereabout by the heat of a miniature fire-box. The compressed air, it is said by Mr. HARDIE, will by being heated so increase in expansive power as to drive an engine double the distance that compressed air cold will drive it. Hence the upright boiler and its boiling water, through which all the compressed air is carried before it is brought to bear upon the cylinders and motion is acquired.

A number of experimental trips have been made with the new engine on the Second Avenue Elevated Road in this city. The apparatus for filling the tanks with compressed air comprised a double Delamater air compressor and a Norwalk air compressor, situated in an old stable of the Second Avenue Horse-car Railroad Company, on the opposite side of the street from the station. The air was carried by means of hose to the engine on the track above the street. From one to two minutes only, or the same length of time now required for a steam-engine to fill its tanks with water, at either end of the line, were consumed in filling the four tanks with compressed air.

The latest trip, with a tolerably heavy train, was made

CHENG TSAO JU, THE NEW CHINESE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADLEY & RULOFSON.—[SEE PAGE 30.]

OSCAR WILDE.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 27.]

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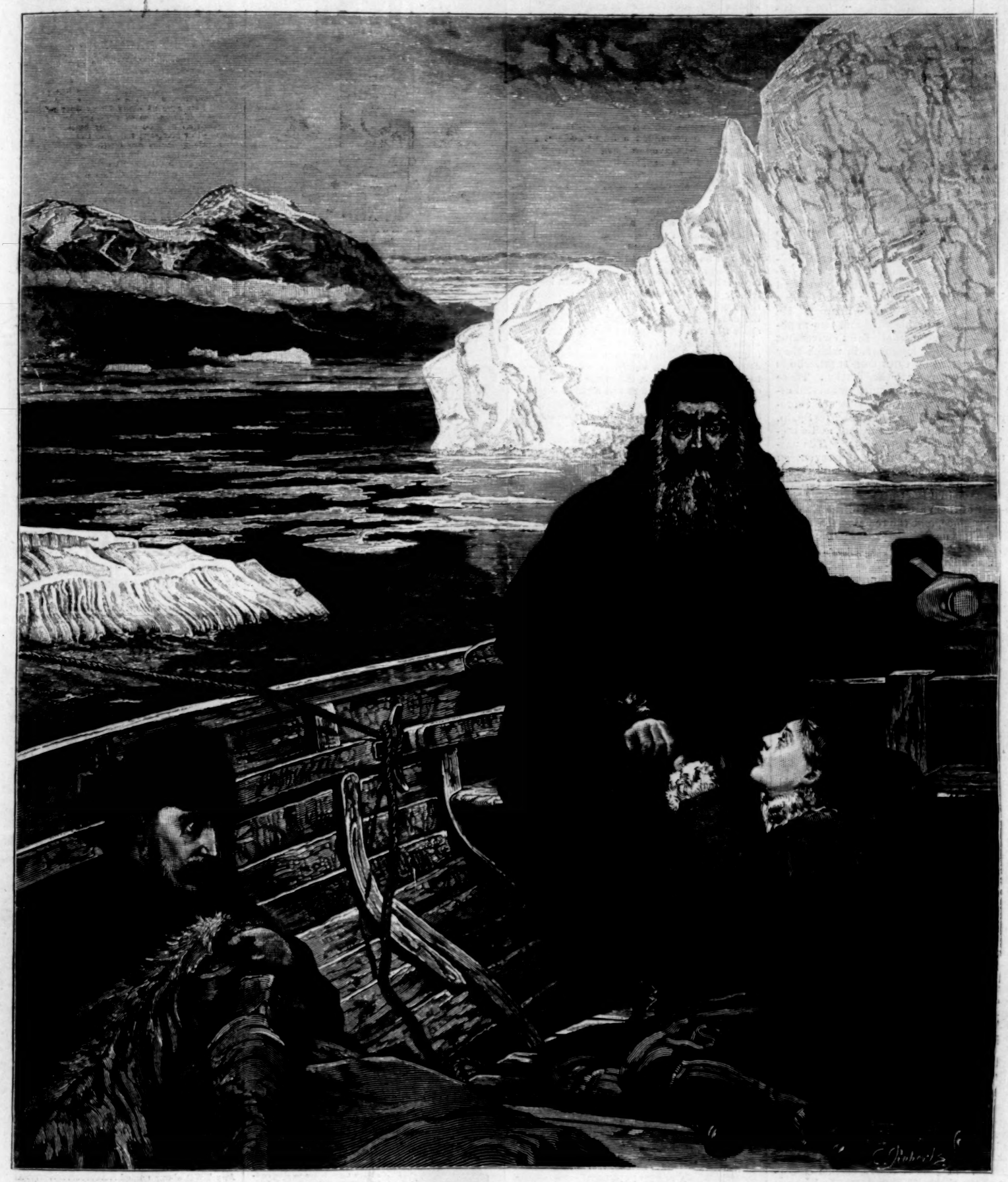

"THE LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON."—FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN COLLIER.

from Harlem to the South Ferry in forty-two and a half minutes, on a rainy day, when the tracks were slippery. The air-brakes were employed as on a regular train. The stops were made as easily and the starts quite as smoothly as those of a train drawn by a steam motor. There was no puffing sound and no escape of blinding steam. On the start the gauge showed 600 pounds pressure, and when the Battery was reached, 200 pounds remained. Colonel HAIN, General Manager of the elevated roads, said the experiment was quite satisfactory. Whether pneumatic engines would come into general use on the elevated railways of the city, he said, was a question that could not be settled yet, and would not be until they had been perfected. The present engine was a crude affair, which its owners would doubtless largely improve upon. It would be at least two years before they could be used here, for it would be impossible, owing to the demand for engines of every description, for any large locomotive company to fill an order for any number of the pneumatic motors before that time.

The new engine weighs about twenty tons, and was built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Pneumatic Tramway Engine Company, of this city.

HENRY HUDSON'S LAST VOYAGE.

THE fate of the *Jeannette* has awakened fresh interest in the achievements of the early navigators of the arctic seas. Among the most noteworthy of these heroic men, both for the importance of his discoveries and the mystery that enshrouds his fate, was HENRY HUDSON. He was born in England about the middle of the sixteenth century, and from early youth was accustomed to a sea-faring life. Hardy, brave, and adventurous, he eagerly accepted a commission from a company of London merchants to search for the northwest passage, and in 1607 sailed in a small vessel, with a crew of only ten men and a boy, to the east coast of Greenland. On reaching latitude 80° he encountered an impassable barrier of ice, and after three months of fruitless exploration returned to England for the purpose of organizing another expedition.

In April of the following year HUDSON again set sail, and endeavored to make his way between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen. His hopes were again frustrated by immense fields of ice, and he returned to England without having accomplished anything of importance. Undaunted, however, by these failures, he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and in April, 1609, sailed from Amsterdam in the ship *Half-Moon* for Davis Strait. Finding the climate too severe for his crew, HUDSON sailed southward along the coast of America, and on the 11th of September discovered the beautiful river which has since borne his name. Enchanted by the loveliness of its shores, he sailed up the river until he reached the head of navigation, where Albany now stands. He afterward continued his voyage south as far as Chesapeake Bay, and then returned to England.

HUDSON began his fourth and last voyage in April, 1610, with a crew of twenty-three sailors. In June and July he passed through Davis Strait, and entered and explored the great bay which now bears his name. Disappointed at not finding the westward passage he was seeking, he determined to winter there, and resume the voyage in the following spring; but by the time the ice broke up, his provisions were so nearly exhausted that he was compelled to make preparations to return. His crew became mutinous, through fear, it is said, that he might leave some of them behind, being so short of provisions. Gaining possession

of the ship, they put HUDSON with his young son and seven infirm sailors in an open shallop, and sent them adrift. The crew managed to reach England some time in 1611, and one of the mutineers betrayed their guilty secret. An expedition was at once dispatched in search of the great navigator, but no trace of him was ever found.

THE CHINESE MINISTER.

THE new Chinese Minister to the United States, whose portrait we present on page 28, is a *protégé* of the Viceroy, and belongs to what in his own country is known as the Progressive party. He was formerly Superintendent of the Arsenal at Shanghai, where he introduced a quantity of foreign machinery because of its superiority to the appliances of the Chinese. He also filled the high office of Customs Ttotai, or Intendant of Maritime Revenue, at Tien-Tsin. He is portly in person, wears a slightly grizzled mustache, and, like all other officials of his race, has a suave, diplomatic manner. He is accompanied by his wife and two nephews. The young men are fully conversant with the English language, in which they were instructed by CHIN CHI YUNG, who is the chief interpreter to the legation. There are also attached to the embassy several officials of rank, whose positions are Secretary of Legation, Chargé d'Affaires for Spain, French and English interpreters, and a secretary for the Peruvian legation. The party numbers twelve officials and seventeen servants. The members of the embassy are some of the best specimens of the Chinese that ever visited the United States. About one-half of them are natives of the Kwang-Tung province, and the remainder are from Pekin. The new Minister was presented to the President by the Secretary of State on New-Year's Eve.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

The Strength of Gaborian.—A new Terror added to Poverty.—St. Paul's Industrial School.—Prices for Applause.

IT is very amusing to hear the more high-flying London journalists deprecate "Sensation," and protest that for their parts they believe people of intelligence take no sort of interest in vulgar tragedy, and then to see one to two thirds of their newspapers devoted to the Lefroy case. The truth is, it is the merest affectation to pretend to this want of interest in matters of life and death because the *dramatis personæ* do not mix in the first circles. If Mr. Gold had been a duke, or even a bishop, the high-flying journalist would have as much to say about the catastrophe as his paper. For my part—and I am no reader of Penny Dreadfuls—there is no topic that interests me more than what is termed "a good murder," and especially if it isn't found out.

Gaboriau, whose works we are told are the favorite reading of Prince Bismarck, has made his fame by skillful playing on this single chord. His style is commonplace; his writings are destitute of poetry and humor; but he is the first amateur detective of his age. Even Edgar Poe is his inferior. Gaboriau is more life-like, and unites the most attractive story-telling with the exactness of a police report. His works are now being rendered monthly into English, and I predict for them a universal circulation in this country. The opening chapters of *L'Affaire Lerouge* are unsurpassed as an illustration of the science of detection, and only find their rival in the Abbé of the *Château d'If*. In these days of mutilation and literary pillage, I wonder it has not struck some "conveyancer" to adapt his tales to English or American soil; at present such characters as the Commissary puzzle the British shilling public, who take him for a "Commissionnaire," especially when it is mentioned that he is decorated.

There are two houses to which I hope I shall never go, either by election or compulsion: the one is the House of Commons, and the other the work-house. To the latter most people have an objection. In Thomas Hood's graphic description of the village of Bullock Smithy he says: "There is one more house, which I haven't come to yet—and I hope I never shall—and that's the parish poor-house."

But another terror has been added to at least one of the London work-houses which will make that institution more unpopular than ever. It has been arranged by the authorities "with a view to the interments of paupers being conducted with as much care, decency, and good feeling as possible," that in future each corpse shall be followed to the grave by two of the elderly inmates of the house as a mark of respect. But suppose they had no respect for the departed, but the contrary? And at all events is it not hard that to the already sufficiently depressing influences of work-house life this melancholy (and unremunerated) office of following unknown corpses to the grave should be added? The two "elderly inmates" would be probably selected for their lugubrious appearance, to begin with. What will they look like after a year of undertakers' work?

I have myself a horror of funerals, but I do not feel toward them that active hostility which is, it seems, prevalent in a certain eastern parish in London. The ill behavior and "cussedness" of its juvenile population was reported to be so exceptional that a neighboring clergyman went in person to investigate the fact. He called on the church-warden who had spoken to him about it, and said: "Really, I think you must have exaggerated the matter, for as I came through your streets they were most quiet and orderly." "I dare say they were," was the reply, "but just you wait till our boys come back. They are gone down to the church-yard *to stone a funeral*."

It is well we should know that these are thought kindly of by some of our race, when we see others—those who are responsible for the management of St. Paul's Industrial School, for example—who seem to take a pleasure in making life cruel and bitter to all little ones. Even in old times there was thought to be a God of the fatherless who demanded a dread account from those who misbehaved to them, while the Founder of Christianity is said to hold children under His especial protection. Yet it is in a Christian age, and under semi-official inspection, that little friendless children have been compelled to steal victuals from a dog's dish from sheer starvation; have been handcuffed and then set upon by other boys with the sanction of the authorities themselves; have been caned the day before they died, when they had no strength left in their starved bodies to perform the hard tasks imposed upon them; have been imprisoned in cells on bread and water for twelve days and nights. The record of these crimes is too horrible to be pursued, but the criminals are still unpunished. Again and again I have been compelled to say in these columns that the lust of cruelty is growing in this country, and that the law is powerless to put it down. I wait to see whether the revelations of the child's prison-house, called the St. Paul's Industrial (?) School, will at last awaken the public conscience. But for one good woman, Mrs. Surr, it seems they might have gone on forever. We know her name, but we do not know the names of the petty tyrants and vile scoundrels whom she is attempting to bring before the bar of public opinion. I demand that we should know them, that if there is no Newgate for their crimes, their names at least should be held up to infamy. "There were black beetles and crickets in our gruel," says one poor boy witness. "If that gruel was not eaten in the morning, it would be served out for dinner; if not eaten at dinner, at tea." Think of that, mothers of England! Yes, you shall have their names, which will be as hateful to you as Sextus was of old:

> "On the house-tops was no woman
> But spat toward him and hissed;
> No child but screamed out curses,
> And shook its little fist."

A Paris actor has been so good as to make public the prices given for "applause" in his dramatic circle. These range from four shillings to two sovereigns. An ordinary laugh is worth 3*s.* 6*d.*, but a hearty unmistakable guffaw goes as high as 8*s.* "Such exclamations as 'How amusing!' 'How clever he is!' range from 12*s.* to 15*s.*" I know of nothing equal to this except the prices paid in old times for invitations to town by cadets at Woolwich, who, having no relatives, were obliged to create them. The scribe who personated the parent charged 5*s.*; aunts and uncles varied from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.* Invitations from cousins were obtainable at a shilling.

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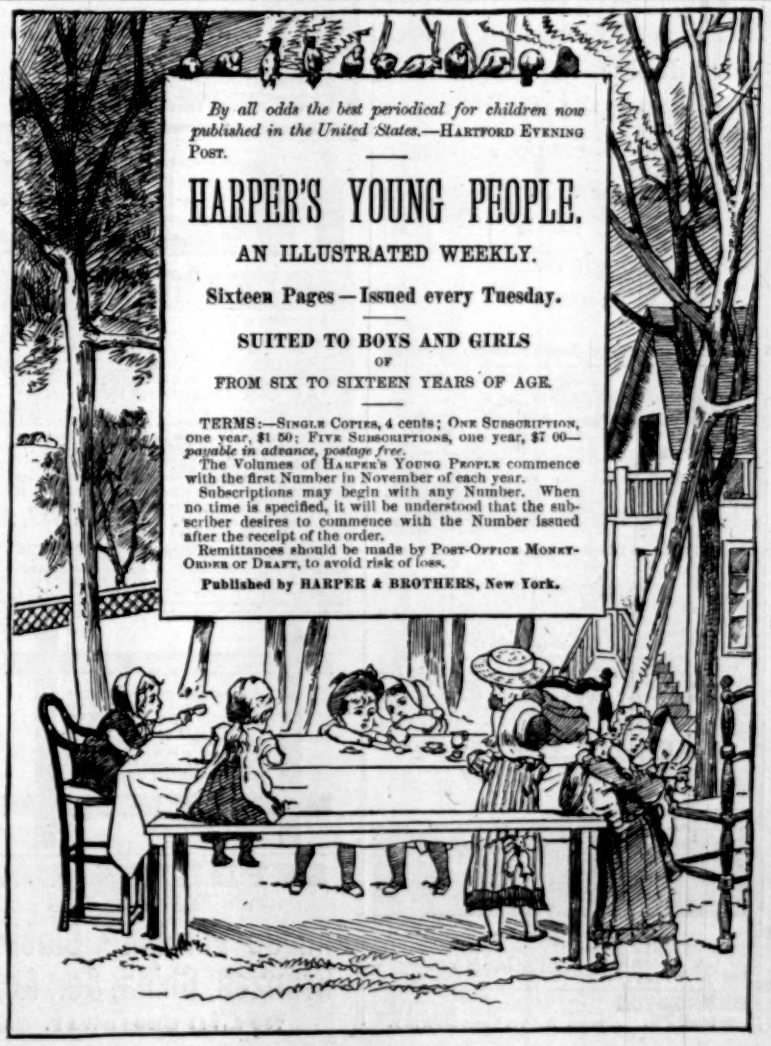

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